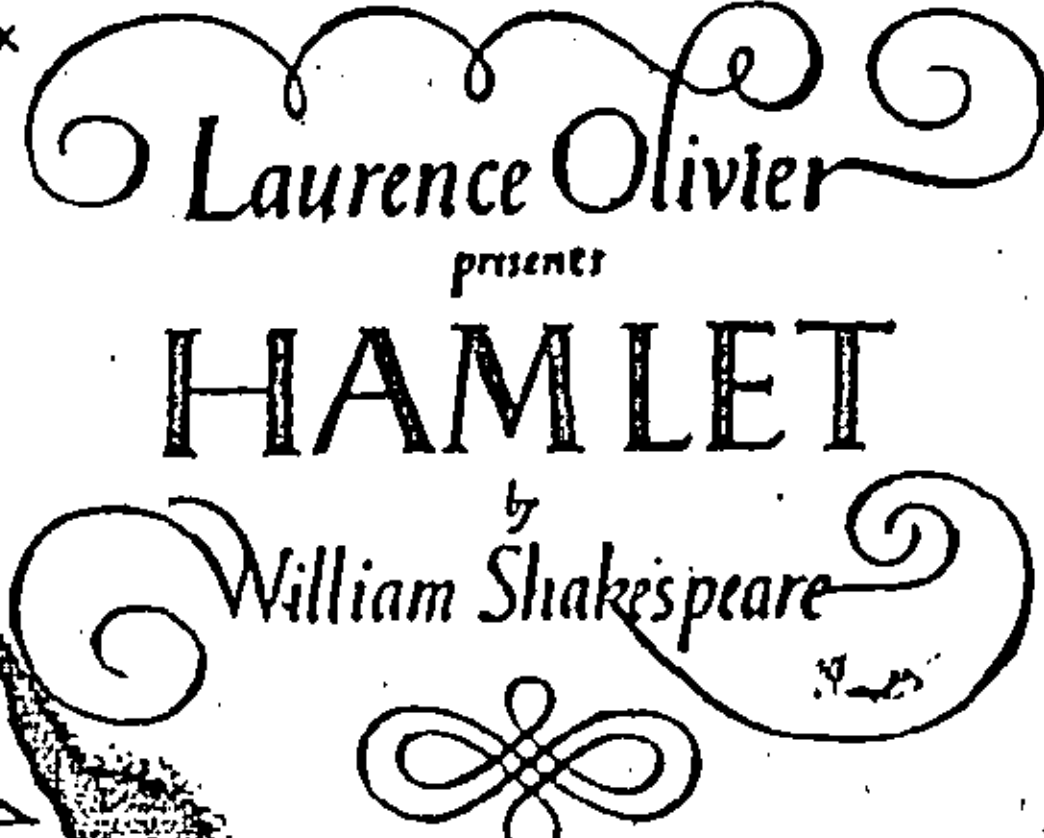


SHOWING
TO-DAY**Queens**Special Times:
At 2.30, 5.00,
7.15 & 9.30 p.m.

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
— AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY —
BOB HOPE • VIRGINIA MAY
"PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE"
In Technicolor—An RKO Radio Picture
AT REDUCED PRICES

BOOKINGS
NOW OPEN!**QUEENS**BOOKINGS
NOW OPEN!

GALA PREMIERE on TUESDAY at 9.30 P.M.

A. J. ARTHUR RANK
ENTERPRISE

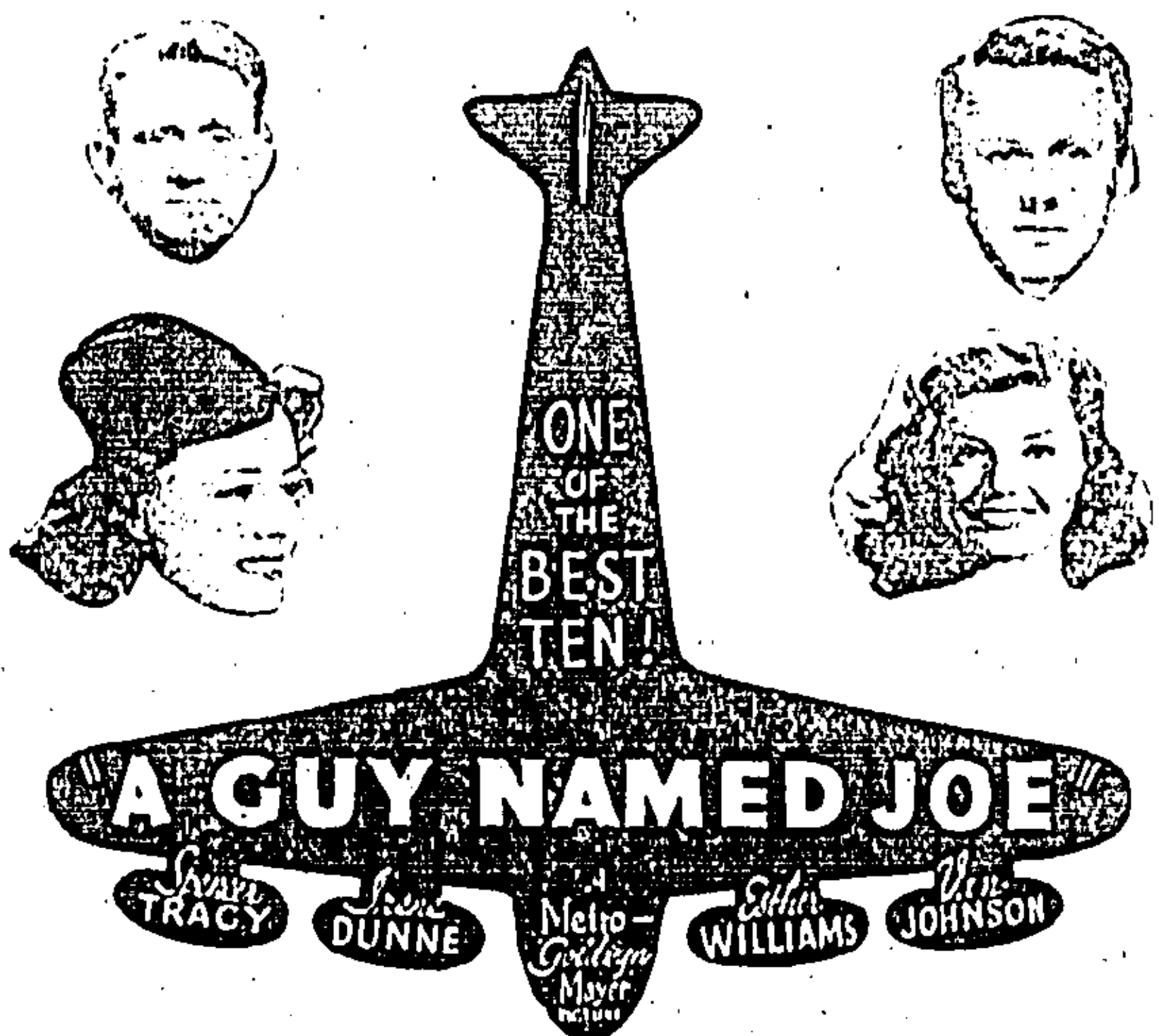
Starring
Laurence Olivier
Jean Simmons
Basil Sydney

COMMENCES WEDNESDAY—3 SHOWS DAILY
AT 2.30, 5.30 & 9.00 P.M.

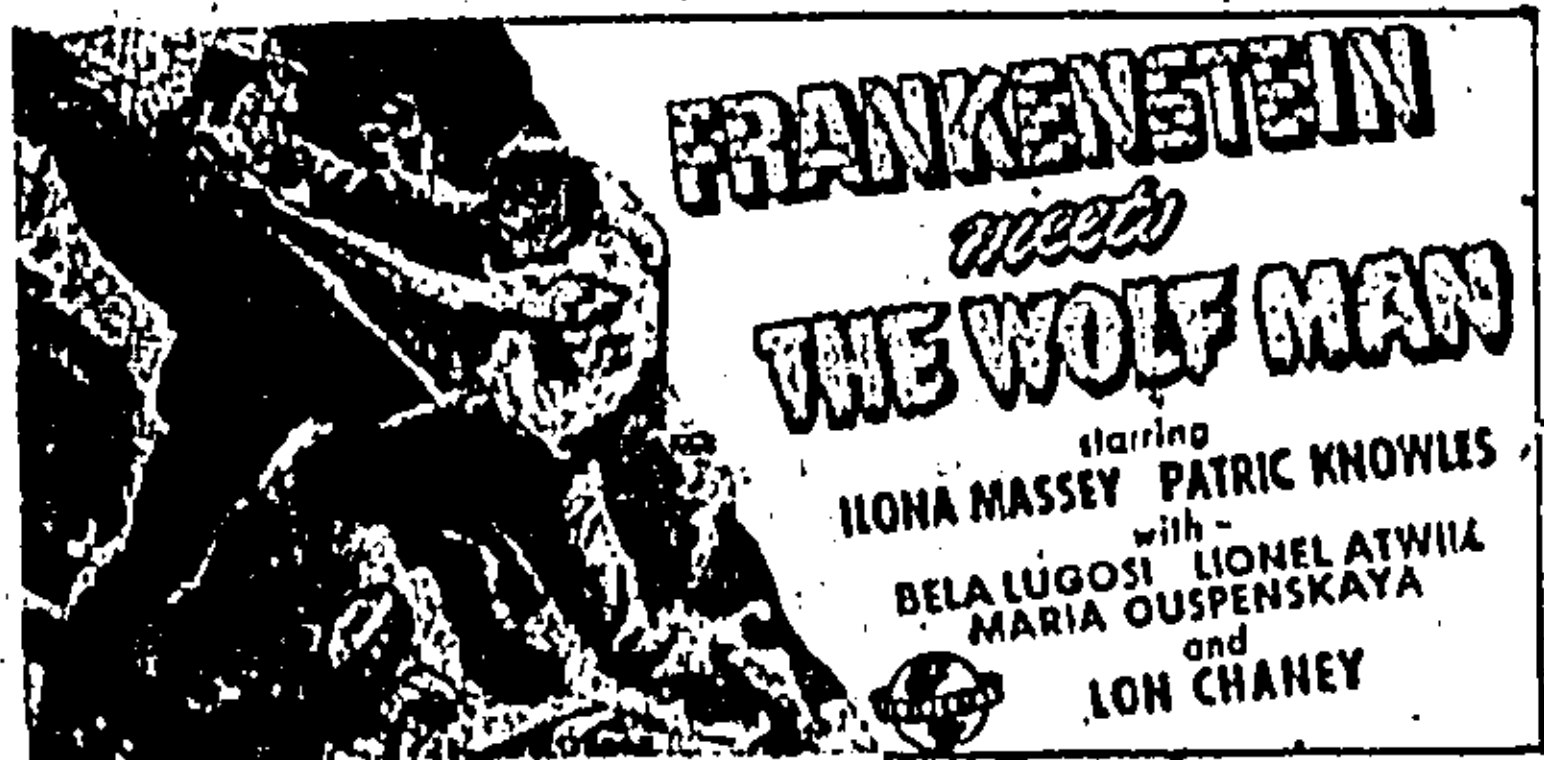
ALHAMBRA THEATRE

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 P.M.

HE CRASH DIVES ON A GERMAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER! SHE BOMBS A JAPANESE MUNITION DUMP!

TO-DAY
ONLY**Cathay**AT 2.30, 5.20,
7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FIRST TIME SHOWING IN HONGKONG
Mighty Monster Running Amok!
Inhuman Beast Raging with Fury!
All-New Thrills... In the Strangest Battle Ever Filmed!



TO-MORROW • Eddie Cantor in "IF YOU KNEW SUSIE"
Sunday Extra Performance • "THE GREAT WALTZ"

BRITISH STUDIOS ARE MAKING MORE FILMS

By H. H. WOLLENBERG

OCTOBER 1 was a decisive date for Britain's film industry; for from that day onwards the law decrees that 45 out of every 100 first-feature films shown in the cinemas of the country must be British.

This constitutes a drastic departure from the past—a venture which is bound to affect not only all sections of Britain's film industry, but also the international film situation. So far, the general impression is that the production in Britain is showing a steady improvement.

At present, the cinema in the British Isles can book 104 first-feature British quota films. The figure excludes any minor pictures, so-called second features or featurettes. In addition, there are 62 British re-issues available—best films of past years—selected by the

Board of Trade's Films Council and given a 12 months' extended quota life. That makes a total of 266 first feature films available immediately.

This is the present rather reassuring situation as regards the supply for the five film theatres in Britain. As for other countries, their prospects of supply with new British pictures, now so popular in many lands, are no less encouraging.

There are 42 first features in the above total, which have not completed, or are about to start, their first runs in London.

FUTURE PROSPECTS

NEW films will be reaching distributors from the studios at the rate of five new first features per month, with a possibility of six new first features per month being available from June 1949.

Friends of British screencraft want to know how many British features will be made this year. The

answer, making a careful check on the work planned between now and December 31, is that British studios will have completed 62 first features—plus one Australian—and 12 second features. This compares with 58 major films made in 1947. Six of the 1948 films are in Technicolor.

As to further prospects, the question will arise, how many pictures should the British studios be able to make? The total production facilities are now 24 studios with 72 sound stages. These figures comprise only those studios where it would be possible to make major pictures; they do not include some smaller studios where many second features and sequences have been produced during the past few months. The production facilities should at least provide sufficient studio space for producing 120 major films a year.

During 1949, uncertainty about the new Film Act, plus lack of working capital, has prevented independent producers from making their full contribution towards this target. In spite of this, employment figures show that more people are employed in the studios: last March the operating total was 7,618 people. This month there are 7,661 people working in the studios.

As for the future, the facts indicate a steady progress. The new Film Act provides a foundation on which to build up an economically sound production industry. In addition, the Board of Trade announced its decision to form a Film Finance Corporation. During its next session Parliament will be asked for a five million pound Treasury loan to provide capital. Meanwhile, however, a provisional set-up, called the Film Finance Company, has started operating and its first loan has been made.

POINT OF INTEREST

TURNING back to current production, a point of some interest is how the total 1948 output of 62 major films is shared between the different studios or production groups. The studios of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation will have completed 36 features by the end of the year, including Ealing Studios' Australian subject, "Eureka Stockade," plus a group of five second features. Last year the Rank group was responsible for a total of 20 pictures. Some of the 1948 production have already caught international attention, films such as "Hamlet," "Oliver Twist," "The Red Shoes." Coming productions like "Christopher Columbus," "Scott of the Antarctic" and others are no less eagerly awaited.

It looks as though eight pictures will be completed by the London Film Studios at Isleworth and Shepperton this year. This is where the group of independent producers around Sir Alexander Korda works. Two brilliant films, "The Fallen Idol" and "The Winslow Boy" had a highly promising start. This year and next, this group will produce three times as many films as last year.

OTHER PRODUCERS

CONSTELLATION Films, Anthony C. Havelock-Allan's independent company, has a programme of three pictures lined up. At least four films are being prepared by Herbert Wilcox Productions' Pilgrim Pictures and John Stafford Productions have started location work for their respective films, while some other companies have films in various stages of preparation.

All the evidence indicates that the new quota regulation now in force can benefit Britain's film industry and everyone overseas who appreciates its contribution to the world's film programme. There is every reason why production should increase: there is Government legal and financial support; studio space is available and—last but not least—there are plenty of men with skill and ideas.

My Experiments In Film Technique

BY
David Lean

THE moving picture is only 53 years old and it is still in the process of evolving its technique. When D. W. Griffith thought of shooting close-ups he was told that audiences would not accept photographs of faces without their bodies. They did. Later, audiences were introduced to the fade in and fade out, and their use became generally accepted symbols of a time lapse. If present-day audiences were not acquainted with the fade in and fade out, they would almost certainly, on seeing it for the first time, think that something had gone wrong with the projector.

Similarly, the flash back has now become acceptable to audiences. You show a close-up of a man thinking, and by means of a dissolve and the use of the man's voice saying, "I saw her first ten years ago..." you show pictures on the screen, which the audience accept as happenings in the past.

What is the next move? I think it is the showing of people's thoughts in pictures, for so far the cinema has been greatly handicapped by its inability to cope with this, and I think that it is only a matter of time before audiences will accept this as a new technical convention—just they will have to be eased into it very slowly.

An Expansion

A girl is saying goodbye to a man. The man steps into a speedboat which roars off across a lake. They wave to each other. Watching them from above is the girl's husband. He has appeared unexpectedly. He knows that his wife and the other man were at one time lovers. Jealousy surges up in him—he turns towards camera—a big close-up of the wife and the man in the speedboat in a passionate kiss—the husband turns away and tries to blot out the thought.

Will an audience understand this? Will they understand that the close-up of the lovers embracing is the jealous imagination of the husband, or will they think that a piece of film has got in at the wrong place? I hope they understand it. This is a scene in my last film "The Passionate Friends," and is an expansion of my first experiment in "Oliver Twist." In that film I only did it once in the scene where Bill Sikes sits in his room with the body of the woman he has just murdered. After showing his conscience playing upon him I cut from a big close-up of Sikes to a shot of him striking down the man who had incited him to the murder. In other words, I hoped that audiences would understand that he was wishing he had killed Fagin and not Nancy.

Straight Cuts

IN "The Passionate Friends" I did it several times and am very anxious to see the results with an audience.

In "Oliver Twist" I made another experiment, and I am going to expand its technique in my next picture, "Madeline Smith," for this I know works with an audience. It is an expansion of the flashback principle.

The scene in "Oliver Twist" was one between the workhouse matron and a man named Monks. The matron is describing what took place ten years before when she attended a dying pauper. The accepted method of doing such a scene would be the dissolve back into the past with the matron's voice continuing over the pictures, but instead of dissolving I made a straight cut—the audience is watching a scene which took place in the past. The dying pauper is gathering up all her strength in order to tell the matron

a piece of information but she fails before she can get it out. I cut straight back to the scene in the present and the man Monks says to the matron, "It's a lie. She said more!" The matron answers, "She didn't utter another word—but it was then that it happened." "What?" says Monks. Another straight cut into the past. The pauper is lying dead in bed, the matron rises and starts to unclasp the dead woman's hand from her own. A piece of paper flutters down onto the bed. Another straight cut into the present and Monks says, "A piece of paper. What was it?" The matron tells him.

This experiment proved that one can flash backwards and forwards at will between the past and the present. If one can also cut from the present to people's thoughts, maybe the cinema will have advanced another inch along its road to maturity.

Tip For Top Ten

AMERICA'S theatre showmen, through the Motion Picture Herald, have chosen Ten Stars of Tomorrow.

Do you agree with their list?

Jane Powell, Cyd Charisse, Ann Blyth, Celeste Holm, Robert Ryan, Angela Lansbury, Jean Peters, Mona Freeman, Eleanor Parker and Doris Day.

Movietar Parade Magazine predicts that Montgomery Clift will be Tomorrow's Top Star.

According to the magazine, Clift combines the appeal of Humphrey Bogart, Cary Cooper, and Tyrone Power.

MARLENE'S SECOND 'BLUE ANGEL'



MARLENE DIETRICH first attracted the attention of filmgoers outside Germany by her performance as a café entertainer in "The Blue Angel," in which she played opposite Emil Jannings. In her latest picture, "A Foreign Affair," she is again in a night club singer—this time in postwar, occupied Berlin. John Lund plays the part of an American officer who falls for her charms, and Jean Arthur, as a Congresswoman on tour, is the third part of the triangle. At the Queen's Theatre today.

SHOWING
TO-DAY**KING'S**SHOWINGS
TO-DAY

SPECIAL TIMES: 2.30, 5.00, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.

ONLY A WOMAN COULD TAME THIS
MAN WHO CONQUERED MOUNTAINS!



JOHN WAYNE • LARAIN DAY
in
TYCOON

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • JUDITH ANDERSON

JAMES GLEASON • ANTHONY QUINN

Produced by STEPHEN AMES & Directed by RICHARD WALLACE

Screen Play by BORDEN CHASE and JOHN TWIST

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

Rita HAYWORTH • Larry PARKS in

"DOWN TO EARTH"

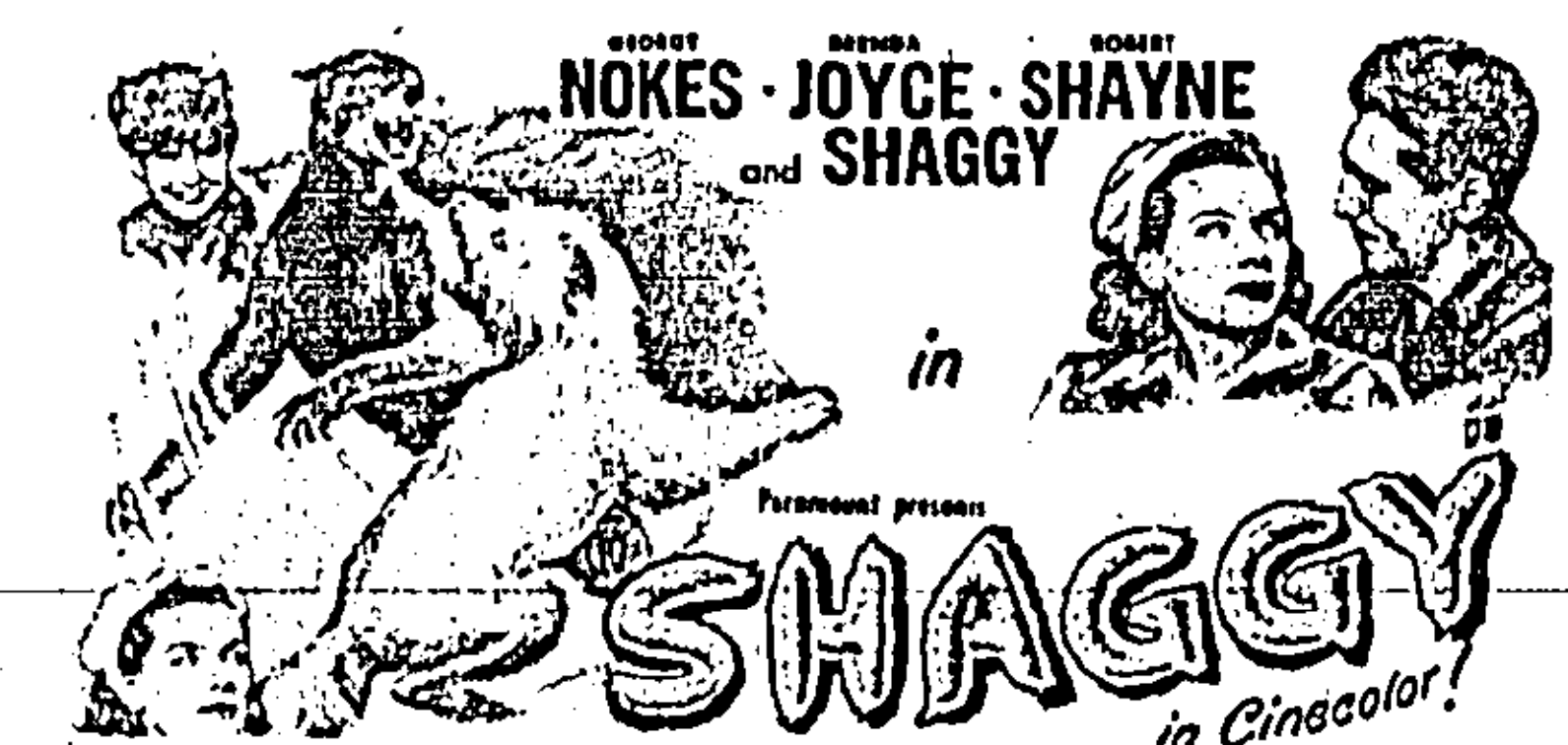
Colour by Technicolor • A Columbia Picture • At Reduced Prices



TAKE ANY EASTERN TRAM CAR OR HAPPY VALLEY BUS

SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.15—7.20 & 9.20 P.M.

THE THRILLINGLY TENDER DRAMA OF THE DEATHLESS
BOND BETWEEN A BOY AND A DOG!... A BOND THAT
STARTED A BITTER MOUNTAIN FEUD!



SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30

"THE GUADALCANAL DIARY" A Fox Film

SHOWING
TO-DAY**MAJESTIC**AT 2.30, 5.20,
7.20 & 9.20 P.M.

NEXT CHANGE BY SPECIAL REQUEST

"THE SOUL OF CHINA"

They
Answered
the
CallHave
You?Send your
donation to
theHONGKONG
WAR
MEMORIAL
FUNDHon. Treasurers
Lowe, Bingham & Matthews
Morcantile Bank Bldg.PRESS
PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken
by the South China Morning
Post and Hong Kong Telegraph
Staff Photographers are on view
in the
Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED.

HOW THE ROYAL BABY WILL BE BROUGHT UP

WHEN a 35-year-old Scots woman, Helen Lightbody, daughter of a tweed mill hand, is called in to look after Princess Elizabeth's baby after the maternity nurse moves out, the peculiarly British process of bringing up a possible future heir to the throne will have begun.

For next to Princess Elizabeth herself, Miss Lightbody, as nanny, will be the person closest to the child for the first six years of its life.

The two women—young mother of exalted station, experienced nurse of humble birth—will between them be responsible for the development of the infant through its early formative period.

Grandmother, even great-grandmother, may help with advice. A doctor is at hand should the baby fall ill.

An undernursemaid will be present to assist at all times. A governess and a corps of special tutors will arrive when the child approaches seven.

But no one will interfere during the vital years before. No ladies-in-waiting or other Court functionaries, no retinue of servants, and no diletantes and baby psychologists with the latest fads and theories will enter into the natural homely life that is planned.

A simple childhood in a happy country home, far away from pomp and fuss, moulded the Queen herself. And that was the early upbringing lovingly but firmly enforced by the Queen for both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

The pattern of childhood is not likely to be changed for the newcomer.

Country Lass

WHEN Queen Elizabeth was born the Hon. Emily Baines-Lyon in 1900, at St Paul's Woodbury, the rose-red of childhood in the Hertfordshire estate of her father, the Earl of Strathmore (then Lord Glamis), the nanny selected was not hired from some expensive West End nursing establishment.

She was a country lass, 20-year-old Clara Knight, daughter of a nearby yeoman farmer.

Clara Knight was the sixth of 12 children, and she learned her craft looking after her little brothers and sisters while her mother was busy about the farm.

She fitted perfectly into the cheerful Glamis household of ten children, who were brought up to romp freely in the woods and meadows, to rise early to feed the chickens, to join in the haymaking.

There was much laughter and playing of pranks, but real naughtiness was rare and always promptly checked.

Much of the Queen's ease of manner, it is said, springs from the self-reliance and desire to please engendered by this environment, which the young nursemaid helped to create.

Clara Knight proved so good a nanny that she attended the future Queen until she was 11. Then she was summoned again as nanny a month after the birth of Princess Elizabeth in 1926.

She was Princess Margaret's nanny, too, and stayed with the Queen until her children reached young womanhood. She died in January 1940.

Sure Touch

QUEEN Mary once said of Clara Knight: "She has as sure a touch in training children as had Mrs. Bill, nurse of the King and his brothers."

And the royal nanny was so beloved by the two Princesses that, when their parents left for their Canadian tour in 1930, Elizabeth said to the Queen: "You needn't worry about us. Mrs. Knight will be our nanny until you come back."

Why was she such a success? Clara Knight understood how to carry out the Queen's wish that the Princesses should be brought up naturally, just like the children in any other comfortable home in the land.

Because she had the gift of managing children and knew how to foster the best in their natures, she was allowed to take charge without supervision.

Mrs. Knight—the "Mrs" was a courtesy title, for she never married—devoted her life to the Princesses until they were seven, and until they were six she never spent a holiday away from them.

Under the Queen, who was the undisputed mistress of the nursery whether at 145, Piccadilly, White Lodge, Buckingham Palace or any other royal residence.

Never Fussed Over

SHE permitted no one to enter the nursery unless escorted, usually by the Queen herself. During their babyhood she would make sure no one picked them up (unless it was a close relative), or stood near the cot if the visitor had merely come to peep.

While she herself was waited on by other servants, Mrs. Knight and the under-nanny, Miss Margaret MacDonald, washed all the baby linen, prepared and cooked the food in the nursery kitchen, and never let the Princesses out of their sight. Mrs. Knight or Miss MacDonald invariably slept close by.

Mrs. Knight would decide when to take the children out or how to dress them according to the weather.

As the children grew, she gently enforced a strict routine. Not merely were they bed and meal times punctually observed, but the little girls were taught to put away their toys, to fold their clothes, change their shoes after a rainy walk, clean their teeth, and generally to become practical just as the daughters of a busy farmer's wife would have to be.

When King Henry VI was nine, in 1430, he published Letters Patent under the Great Seal granting his nurse "licence reasonably to chastise us." But Mrs. Knight had no need of such authority.

Those who knew her intimately told me that she never smacked the Princesses. If punishment was necessary, it was generally to make them leave the table or go out of the room.

They were never fussed over or picked up unnecessarily if they cried at night.

The Queen was always most anxious that the life of her young children should remain private and secluded from the limelight of public acclaim.

The plain humanity of Mrs. Knight, to whom the children were so warmly bound and who filled many hours in their lives than any other person, was the safest barrier against the artificiality of Court formalities which chilled the early days of other royal children in previous generations.

On Helen Lightbody, who is leaving her post as nanny to the two boy princes of the Duchess of Gloucester after six years, will fall the same responsibilities.

In Jedburgh, in the Scottish border country, even before she left grammar school, she was volunteering to look after the children of friends of her family.

Early Training

HER first job after leaving school 20 years ago was as nurse to the children of a Jedburgh doctor. That was her early training, for she was never a hospital nurse.

Later she looked after the children of professional men in Rugby and other English towns until her happy way with children came to the notice of the Duchess of Gloucester.

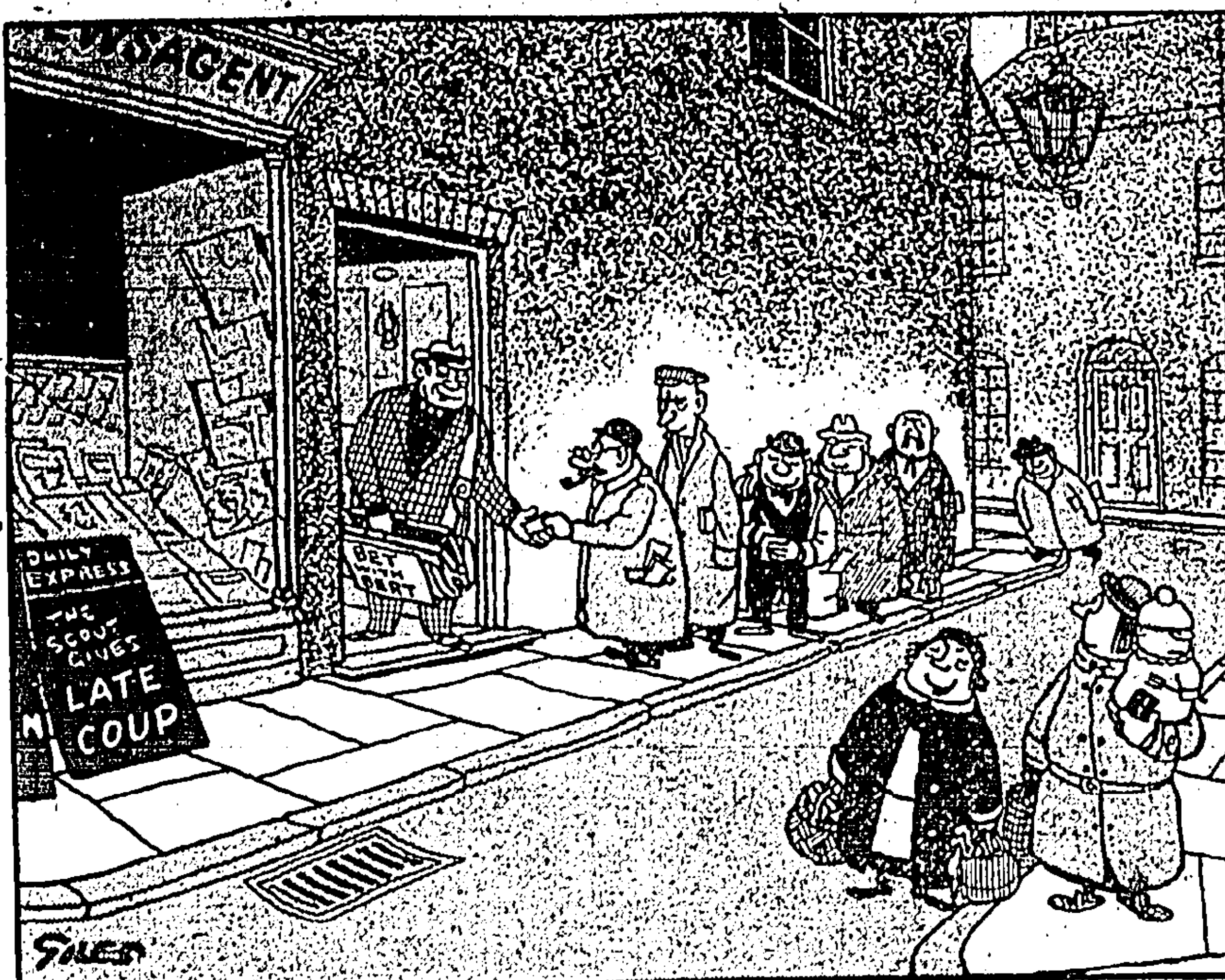
It was when she was in charge of Prince William and Prince Richard while their parents were on a visit to Buckingham Palace that Princess Elizabeth first talked with Miss Lightbody and complimented her on the way she managed children.

Miss Lightbody's grey-haired mother said: "Ever since she was a schoolgirl Helen has loved children, and after 20 years' experience as a nurse she still loves them. She is tremendously proud to have been chosen by the Princesses."

FOOTNOTE—A retinue of nurses under Lady Charlotte Finch took charge of the future George IV, when he was born in 1762.

When he was barely three years old he was exhibited to the public in a Palace drawing-room. His admirers trooped in to coo over him at a fixed hour in the morning.

Sidney Rodin



"The Sport of Kings—that's what they call it, m'dear"

THE V2 INVENTOR TELLS SECRETS

By Frederick Cook

FORT BLISS, TEXAS.

THE man who devised and built the German V2, which was to have won the war for Hitler, was once on the receiving end himself. A V2 crashed to earth at close on 3600 m.p.h. a bare 100 yards from where he was standing.

"I was quite frightened," he told me at Fort Bliss, Texas—where he is now one of the leading lights of the super-secret Little Peenemunde that the Americans have created behind hundreds of miles of barren desert, close to the Mexican border.

"I think I am one of the very few men living who have seen a V2 actually descending. It was during a test-launch in Poland. 'I was much shaken. It isn't pleasant to be on the receiving end, is it?'"

Film Star Face

THE rocket inventor's name is Baron Wernher von Braun. He is 36, with bright blue eyes, handsome enough to be a film star—and knows it.

Some of his American co-workers call him "a nutty dresser." But he is now tending to lose his figure in an unequal struggle with the miasmae of subsistence while planning, in this beautiful spot, new pleasures in rocket development.

A master already of the American idiom—and already launched on the path to U.S. citizenship—von Braun (he has dropped his title now and calls himself Mr. W. V. Brown) still has not quite broken himself of the bow-from-the-waist.

Wernher von Braun is one of about 100 German scientists and technical specialists now assembled in Little Peenemunde.

They live in neat three and four-roomed flats for which they pay rent to the U.S. Government of around £10 a month—considerably less than similar flats would command on the open market in nearby El Paso.

Their homes are behind a wire stockade, but the military surveillance they must endure as the price of being here is so light a burden that they have only to board the local bus if they wish to go into town for a film or to do a little shopping.

Most of the Germans have their wives and children here with them. Several children have been born here, which makes them American citizens. One is the offspring of a post-war marriage between a German of 50 and a local girl. Von Braun himself was permitted to return to Germany in 1947 to marry his 17-year-old second cousin, Maria von Quisdorf.

Parents Too

HE brought back with him not only his bride but his father (former Minister of Agriculture in the Kaiser's Germany) and his mother, too. Now young Frau von Braun is about to increase by one the population of their impeccably Nordic settlement: it will be their third child.

All the Germans have signed civilian contracts with the U.S. Government. They are paid a fraction less than the civil service scale drawn by Americans doing similar work.

But they find no difficulty in getting along on salaries which range between £24 a week for the lowest-



WERNHER VON BRAUN... injured when he tried to escape capture.

paid and £40 a week for the highest and "which average somewhere around £25 a week."

I found von Braun perfectly ready—almost eager—to talk about his work on V2.

"My interest in rockets began when I was still in school," he said, smiling affably. "Interplanetary travel, you know, journeys to the moon and so on."

"There was at that time in Berlin the German-Romanian rocket expert, Hermann Oberth. I joined him on leaving school. He had to return to Transylvania and with other of his work."

Outside Berlin we had a small development—to which we admitted the public. They paid a mark each. We were very poor.

"Our equipment was largely home-made; we did part of our work with a bicycle pump. Then Hitler came to power. At once we were told to stop all publicity. We were moved to an artillery range near Berlin. In 1936 we were moved again, to Peenemunde. By 1937 we had some 200 people working there. At the outbreak of war our staff numbered 1500 and later it was thousands. Our financial problems were ended when war began."

Two Failures

"AT that time we were working on the A5 rocket. It was only about a third of the size of the V2. In 1939 the man responsible for all rocket work in Germany was General Walther Dornberger."

"Dornberger's theory was size. He always said the rocket would not amount to anything as a weapon unless it was many times the size of the A5. In the summer of 1942 we tried to launch our first V2. We had two failures."

"But on October 3 that year we launched successfully. We fired it over the Baltic. It fell in the sea. Not recovered."

As he talked, von Braun fell into a staccato manner of speech. His eyes took on a faraway look. "A film was made," he went on, "of the successful launch. Most valuable film. Until then Hitler had not believed in us."

"He had laughed at us and our work. Sometimes criticised us, on account of the money. Depending on his mood. 'It won't work,' he had told Dornberger. 'It will never fly, this crazy thing.' It was a question, whether he would let us go on, or draft us all into the army."

"When he saw the film, it was different. 'It was the film that brought about my first meeting with him, yes, yes, with Hitler.'"

"I was sent for. To his headquarters. In Poland. 'At once,' when I got there he started demanding the impossible. He had seen the film. It worked. He wanted mass production at once. More than could be done. I explained this. Told him one, flight did not mean success."

"With Hitler one did not argue. He did not like to hear about difficulties. Not that sort of man. The result was, he took us over at Peenemunde."

"His, how do you say, strong arm boys took over. They moved in and started pushing us about."

THE 'UNKNOWN' WILDE LETTERS

By Horace Thorogood

IN his Mayfair flat Lord Queensberry spread before me his unique collection of relics of Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, a collection that has never seen the sale room, and, apart from a privileged private circle, is unknown.

There were there, new light on the tragedy that linked the lives of two geniuses. They will form part of the material of a new book that Lord Queensberry is preparing on the subject.

The uniqueness of the collection lies in its intimacy. Most important are three batches of letters, by Wilde to Douglas, by Douglas to Bernard Shaw, and by Lord Alfred's father, the Marquess of Queensberry, to the Queensberry family.

These letters, which reflect the characters of the writers and the changing moods of the sombre story.

THE SCARLET MARQUIS

QUEENSBERRY'S, mostly addressed to his daughter-in-law, wife of Lord Alfred's elder brother, make a big bundle. Written when Lord Alfred's association with Wilde had become an open scandal, they are amazing in the violence of their language.

"The Scarlet Marquis," as Wilde contemptuously called him, was doing all he could to hound Wilde out of society. He had quarrelled with each of his sons, and they all came in for his abuse. Here is a sample. He is addressing his daughter-in-law:

"My only protection is utterly to refuse to have anything to do or to say to any of this awful family of mine. On the top of this he (her husband) 'comes here and takes sides with this wretched disgraceful brother of his, actually

had the impudence to defend him in his threats to shoot me. They are all mad and this boy ought to be locked up, he will be sooner or later. I take no notice of him, but shall settle with this fellow Wilde. Has (her father) been placed in such a position and then for another of my good-for-nothing sons to come and quarrel and attack me and to dictate to me what I am and am not to do in this awful position."

All are in this strain. Lady Douglas finally sent him a lawyer's letter, on which he wrote to her father, a clergyman, beginning:

"I have had occasion to write to you before, and I now do so again, about your stupid son, who turned himself upon my family with no consent of mine."

"It is intolerable to be dogged by a man," wrote Wilde in his correspondence with Lord Alfred. But it is impossible to read these frantic letters without sympathy for the subject, for the father's tormented state of mind.

EARLIEST ITEM in the collection, hitherto unknown, is a tattered Latin edition of Sallust, the Roman historian, which Wilde had when a student at Trinity College, Dublin. He interlarded it throughout with his notes and comments, which give it value as revealing his early interest not only in the low morals of that time, but in its politics.

CHURCHILL'S THANKS

THE major original MSS consist of Wilde's Poems in Prose, The House of Judgment, The Selfish Giant, and The Happy Prince, those charming essays and fairy tales in which he was truly a "lord of language." The handwriting is clear and easy, hardly a word altered.

Of scarcely less importance are original MSS of Lord Alfred's fine sonnets, In Excelsis, and the sonnet in eulogy of Churchill, written in 1914, 10 years after he served six months for libelling him. Churchill's acknowledgment of it to the present Lord Queensberry, is included, a brief note of thanks, ending: "Tell him from me that 'Time ends all things'."

Lord Queensberry's book will permit us to see with final clarity—and final charity—the whole unhappy story of the tragic friends.

FIRST NIGHT PLOT

WILDE'S letters to Douglas consist of a dozen written between 1892-97. They are in facsimile, in a rare book luxuriously printed for the owner of the originals, William Andrews Clark, Jr., the Californian collector of "Wildeana." (The famous ones quoted at the trial, including that referring to the "red rose-leaf lips" and the "slim-gilt soul," were burnt by the judge's orders.)

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION



"IT'S GOOD TO THE LAST PUFF"



MILD
MEDIUM
&
FULL
STRENGTHS

"SKIPPER" BRAND
(REGD)
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

SOLD AT ALL TOBACCONISTS' AND STORES.

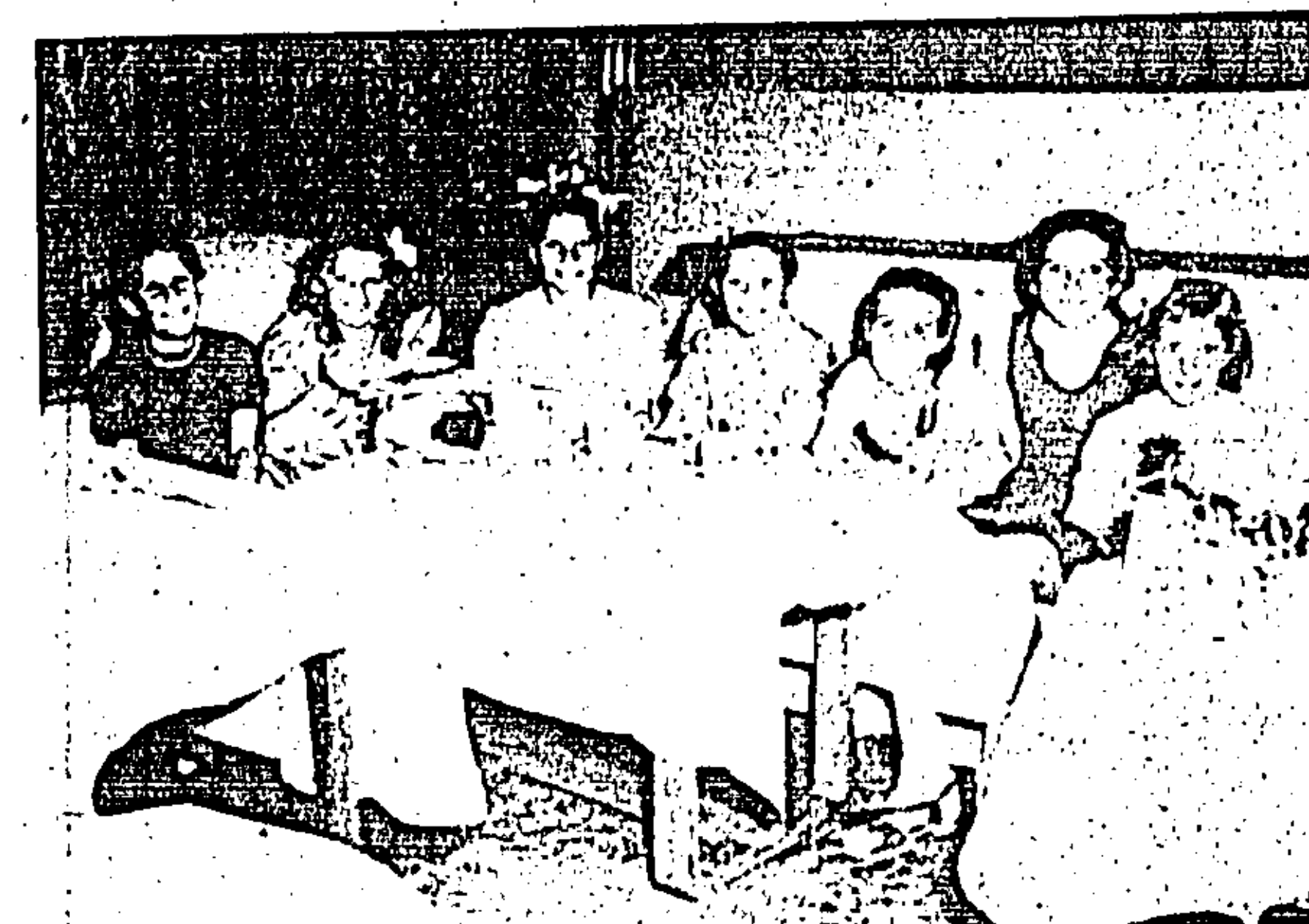


ST ANDREW'S BALL

SCOTS residents gathered in force at the Peninsula Hotel last week, when St Andrew's Society held its annual Ball. It was a brilliant affair, and was attended by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham, who are seen at the left with Dr J. W. Anderson, Chieftain of the Society, and Mrs Anderson. Above is a section of the ballroom during the progress of a traditional Scottish dance. (Photos: Francis Wu). In lower picture at left are some prominent residents who attended: from left—Prof. F. A. Redmond, Mrs Mackichan, Prof. R. K. M. Simpson, Mrs Redmond, Mrs Simpson and Mr A. S. Mackichan. Below: Chief Inspector T. G. Mackay and party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SIR Robert Ho Tung, who has served the Po Loung Kuk as Permanent Advisor for over 50 years, was presented with a silver cup by the Directors of the Institution last week. Sir Robert, above, returns thanks for the gift. Left: HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, photographed on an inspection of a children's class run by the institution. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken at the birthday party of Miss Alwyn Moran at the Hongkong Hotel last Saturday. Daughter of Inspector H. N. Moran, Alwyn was 12 on the day. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Richard Milnes Hallows and Miss Dorothy Rhona Emelie Wright leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday. The bridegroom is in His Majesty's Foreign Service. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr Soto Kwok-keung and his bride, Miss Kong Yuet-fong, pose with their attendants after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last week. (Golden Studio)

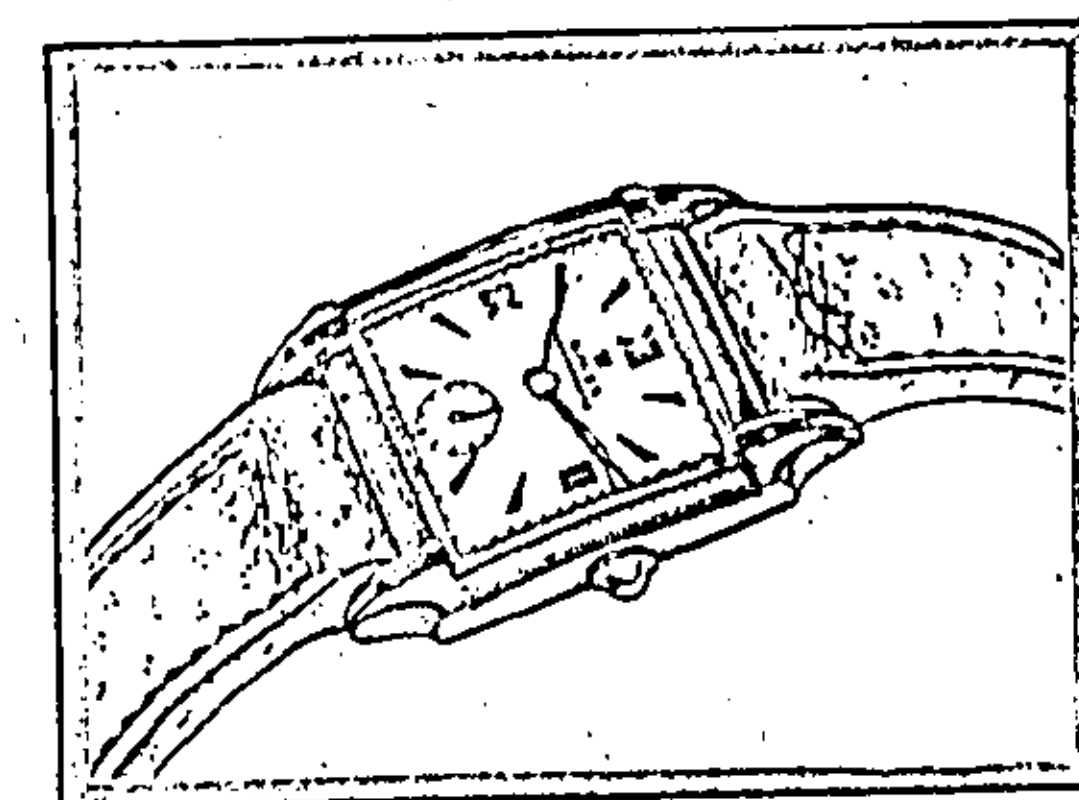


HRH Prince Axel, cousin of the King of Denmark, who visited Hongkong this week, met the press at the Repulse Bay Hotel on Tuesday. The Prince, who is chairman of the East Asiatic Co., Ltd., is third from left in a dark suit in the picture above. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken on Monday evening at a reunion dinner of members of the Royal Scots in Hongkong. (Golden Studio)

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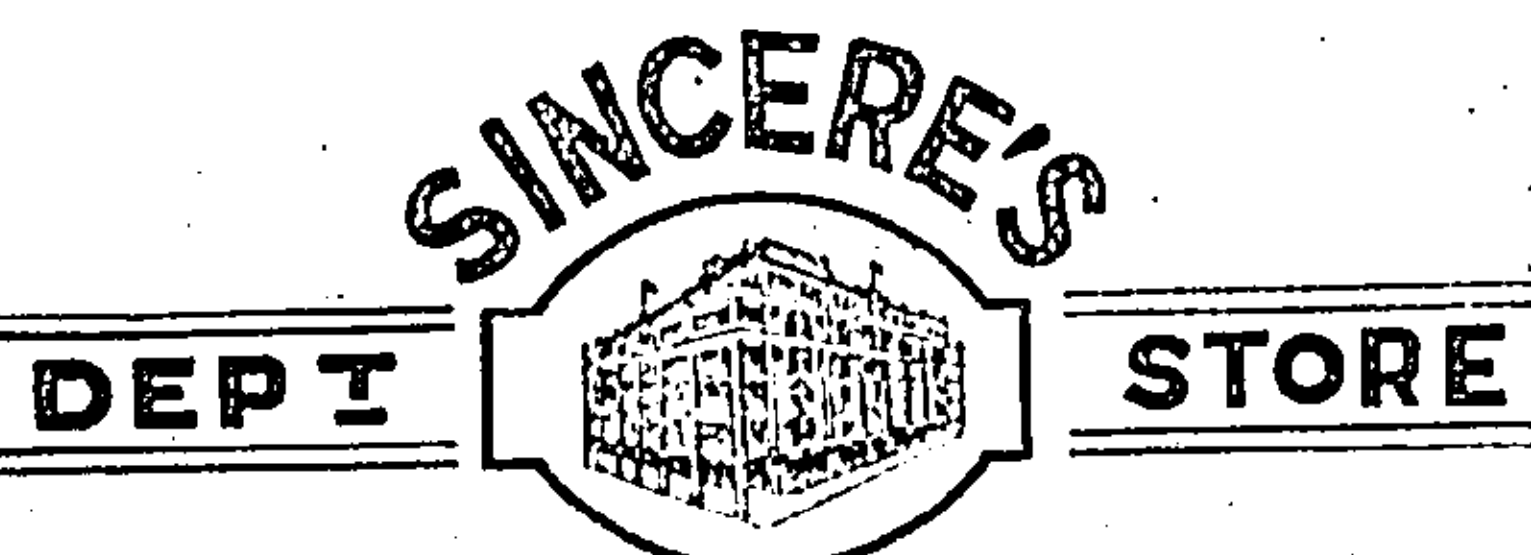
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Scarves Make Gay Head-wear



An Ascher scarf designed by Andre Derain. Below: a square designed by Marie Laurencin, entitled "La Seine."



Exhibition Reveals New Shoe Styles

By VICTORIA CHAPPELLE

SHOE design in Britain, keeping pace with the revolutionary changes in women's clothes, has aroused a good deal of interest overseas. A great number of buyers visited London recently to see the Fashions in Footwear Exhibition, in Grosvenor House. Forty-two leading firms had their designs on view and the cream of Britain's footwear was shown.

Styles for men and children, as well as women, were shown, and buyers had a concentrated view of the work of many of Britain's leading footwear craftsmen. They were given an insight into the great craft of British shoemaking and in discussion groups learned of the organisation and strength of the United Kingdom footwear industry. Novel exhibition techniques and footlight fashion parades showed how new outlines and textures had been developed to accompany recent fashions introduced by dress designers.

Some of the leading exhibitors were unanimous in saying that there was a tendency to revert to 1920 fashion trends, styled, of course, for 1948. One firm mentioned instep ties, button shoes, one-bar shoes and, in all probability, the "strap" as due for revival. But these will be given the restrained elegance which the new long skirt demands, and will be very different from the styles in vogue when the short chemise frock was fashionable.

Long Narrow Shape
ONE of the firm's experts pointed out that the growing popularity of the long narrow shoe was not surprising in view of the fact that it had been out of vogue for so long. This means, of course, that the end of the short and dumpy styles of the past five years is in sight, but he gave it as his opinion that women were more than ready for novelty. He thought that closed backs and closed toes with open waists were likely to supersede the open backs and peep-toes, which have certainly suffered a decline in popularity, perhaps for the reason that they seem out of keeping with the more dignified fashions coming from the dressmakers' salons.

All designers say that the new styles, even when they are more elaborate, must have almost a glove-fitting line, especially above the vamp. For instance, original de-

signs shown at the Exhibition included a court shoe with an open lattice-work ankle, giving the effect of Roman sandals—this in black suede calf with coloured whipstake or calf lattice-work; a shell shoe or court in black suede with a very open vamp which allows most of the top of the foot to be seen, the foot being secured by three thin and in black suede calf with gold kid piping with the new open-closed toe idea giving the effect of a Turkish slipper; and a black satin and lace boot for evening wear.

The makers said the demand in high grade shoes is for colourful combinations, such as black suede combined with blue, green or red whipstake, or black suede and lizard.

Boots And Bootlets

THERE is a growing interest in boots or bootlets. The Laguna Bouncer promises to attract attention. This is a semi-jodhpur bootlet in leather or suede with a high plain vamp fitting nearly to the instep, over which is a narrow strap fastened by a buckle, a crepe, leather sole, and a leather rand (which also appears on the suede model). Another outstanding model is a bootlet with a full-breasted Louis heel; it has a low vamp showing much of the foot, but a quarter built up high and coming well above the ankle to end in a cuff. This model in suede or satin calf illustrates a new trend and is not to be missed.

The Louis type of heel is also used in what is called an imitation bar shoe influenced by the four-bar shoes popular in the 1930's; in other words the bars are cut out of one piece of leather and merge into a single buckle, instead of being separately fastened as in the older models.

The concealed platform has been so successful that designers are giving it their closest attention. The Bouncer model (with an internal heel built up to 1½ inches and giving a natural arch form) and the Bouncer (internal wedge) will be seen in new guises. These range from the casual shoe with a wide strap effect below the instep finished with two purely decorative buttons, to the casual sporting shoe in calf (made to a particular tanning formula) with wide strap and buckle over plain high vamp with tongue and elastic inset. The construction of both these types is, of course, protected by patents.

Special Designs By Famous Art Names

By JOAN ERSKINE

LONDON. DURING the war, the habit rapidly grew of putting a scarf hurriedly on our heads, tying it peasant-wise under our chins, and dashing forth to the daily routine.

New scarves are being made that we treat with reverence, exhibit to our friends, and could hang proudly on our walls!

And what else would you expect when they are designed, and signed, by famous "art names," Henri Matisse, Henry Moore, Feliks Topolski, Graham Sutherland?

For some years past, manufacturers have exploited the scarf-wearing habit by designing more and more flamboyant squares. Scarves were designed for everything. The increasing enthusiasm for ballet brought forth scarves for the balletomane, with ballerinas performing entrechats in each corner. The Royal Wedding suggested a whole series depicting episodes in the Royal lives. The Olympic Games were advertised lavishly in the same way. Popular magazines, drinks, revues, films, made their bow on silk, linen, cotton and chiffon.

In crowded streets it was usual to see passers-by craning their necks to read what was written on a scarf walking by.

LIMITED EDITIONS

ASCHERS of London saw the great possibilities in this revival of the headsquare, and early in the war they began printing and designing their famous scarves. Nearly every eminent painter of our time has been commissioned to design for them. The Aschers are also using the work of several young artists in the belief that they will one day be as renowned as are the great contemporary artists of the present.

Mr Ascher told me his firm uses mostly British materials, of every kind—"every quality of material is suitable for a certain sort of design." Asked why the designs were all modern in conception, he said, "I am against trying to imitate the old masters. The only reason why they are copied is because they have attained such perfection."

Many of the squares are produced in limited editions, individually numbered, and signed by the artist. In years to come, he hopes, these will be collector's pieces of great value. There is no chance of their being repeated, as the screens are destroyed.

Andre Derain's delightfully odd little couple, or Marie Laurencin's "La Seine," both illustrated here, would transform a dark dinner dress into a thing of beauty. The designs would be shown to their best advantage draped over the shoulders, with the ends tucked through a belt.

But it must be admitted that the scarves are generally used as exhibition pieces. There is something quite new about a scarf framed and hung. They are used, too, as drapes, cushions, covers, and so on.

NEW INDUSTRY

ASCHERS held an exhibition of their squares at the Lefevre Gallery in London's Bond Street. It has since received international acclamation and been shown throughout the world, in all the principal cities.

In the Ascher factory are blocks made as far back as the late 18th century. Occasionally these are used for printing designs, the only change being in the colouring.

Aschers may be the forerunners of an entirely new industry, that of transferring art in its purest form—a painting—to squares of material signed with the artist's name. Close collaboration between artist and manufacturer is required for this process, and it must be more than satisfying to Aschers that they have managed to adapt and reproduce even the most difficult sketches successfully.

The abstract designs of Graham Sutherland, and the sombre, rather awe-inspiring creations of Henry Moore, have been produced with equal success. It is not easy to describe the wonderful colourings used. The designs have come to life on the great glowing squares, Robert Colquhoun's "Cornish Landscape" is in sharp lemon-yellow and shaded mauve-pink, with touches of grey and crimson. Pale blue, touches of grey and ivory, are characteristically Matisse, and Moore is represented by strong deep greys and rich golden ambers.

Aschers have, however, gone even farther into the task of linking the work of great living artists with textile printing. An exhibition will shortly be held in London of four panels designed by Henri Matisse and Henry Moore. They will be large enough to cover the wall of a modern room, are printed on linen and signed by the artists. Only thirty copies of each have been printed. The contrast between the two artists' work is marked.

To mention this exhibition is to depart very far from scarves and head-squares, but these panels are to our age what tapestries were to the Middle Ages. It is hoped that in the years to come these panels will be recognised as historical examples of twentieth-century art. Matisse expresses his mood when on a visit to the South Seas many years ago. His compositions consist of motifs—one set belonging to the sky, the other to the sea. Moore's designs are typical of his great interest in the wonder and mystery of life. His abstract designs, of figures, standing and reclining, seem oddly human.

There are unexplored possibilities in this new field of design for printing on materials. It will be very interesting to see how it develops.



IT'S MINK—A dress Virginia Mayo models a luxurious silver blue mink coat entitled "Breath of Spring."

Party frocks are the prettiest since 1939

by SUSAN DEACON

THE party season is here, and the shops are showing the welcome return of the prettiest party dresses since 1939.

Evening dresses, dinner dresses, semi-party dresses, and evening skirts are easier to find and much cheaper.

Evening dresses have two distinct lines—the "Off-the-Shoulder" line and the modified "Empire" line.

The first style is more often seen with a wide, floating skirt, but the skirt can also be worn straight at the front and draped to a centre back fullness.

Bare shoulders

The shoulders are completely bare, and the neckline is often cuffed with a deep bertha, in lace, broderie anglaise, or self material.

This charming style can look quite lovely—but not if you are very thin, or over-plump.

Good shoulders are an essential for this new bare look—and if you have not got them then wear buttons to the neck and long sleeves, and make a feature of the design of the skirt. The modified "Empire" line is a long-princess line, taut and fitting from waist to bosom. The skirt falls straight from the waist.

Low cut

At a London fashion show recently one of the most popular evening dresses was in a dark, rich green satin cut on the Empire line—and here, again, the neckline was low cut.

This dress sold at approximately £15, but it is, I feel, an unfashionable style to wear unless your figure is very trim.

Evening dresses for women with 44 in. hips are, I know, difficult, but an inclination to spread is made only more obvious by the wrong choice of style and material. There is nothing more revealing than a clinging satin evening dress, and the success of a dress does not depend entirely on your foundation.

Watch waistline

You should certainly watch your waistline—but not only your waistline.

A wasp-waist corset, although it whittles down the inches around your middle, is ugly if it pushes pads of flesh below and above the corset.

Evening and dinner clothes for the woman with a fuller figure can be delightful if they are chosen wisely.

Instead of bouffant net skirts and frills and flounces, they should rely more on beauty of material and cut.

Stiff materials, with a dull finish and a small pattern, are a wise choice—or a soft material which will drape well.

Hang of skirt

The skirt of the dress should not be cut on the bias. Any fullness should be at the centre back or front, and it should hang smoothly over the hips.

Keep the bodice draped rather than fitted, and always wear sleeves, however brief.

Evening stoles, in materials to match your dress, in lace, or sequin spangled net, are popular.

Long evening gloves are still being worn, and look very sophisticated for more formal occasions.

Evening skirts, in velvet or similar material, are most practical for a party, as they can be worn if you are really dressing up or just changing.

One of the loveliest evening skirts I have seen, selling at a little over £5, was made of full black net, and was sprinkled with tiny artificial rose-buds.

Flowers—real or artificial—are being worn at the waist, but fasten them towards the side where they will not be crushed as you dance.

Or, even better, catch up the hem of your dress with a single rose to show a neat ankle. Evening dresses need to be cleaned frequently, so do not be tempted into buying metal sequined or gold embroidered unless you are quite certain that it will clean.

Remember that a pleated skirt must be re-pleated during the cleaning, which is an expensive process.

Coloured sequins are not seen at all on dresses this season, and velvet is used a great deal with net.

A velvet bodice with a full net skirt is both more glamorous and hardwearing than an all-velvet dress.

Remember, velvet shows every mark, which any amount of steaming will not remove.



BEAUTY • FASHIONS • HOME

"Non-Objectivism" Style Gets Into Female Heads

By JOHN ROSENBERG

NEW YORK. The women are at it again. This time it's nothing as mild as demanding the vote or wearing pants. In a shuddering word, "modernism" has reached the feminine hairline. From Broadway to Park Avenue, the girls have gone slightly mad over something called "the futuristic, non-objectivism" hairdo. It's in six different colours and at \$35 a do.

The creator of this hair-raising hairstyle is a diminutive, red-haired coiffurist who has a booming 200-pound voice in 100-pound frame. His trademark is Mark. "Women," Mark said with a majestic wave of his thin hands, "need, positively need, to be lifted from the slough of sameness they

have fallen into in the past century." To attain that lofty achievement, Mark said, he gives the girls "individuality, personality and beauty by arranging their hair to resemble a work of art—an abstract painting, really true art." Mark said he uses wires, props, lacquer and coloured pieces of false hair to support his hairdos. "For black-haired women," he said, "I use false hair that is either silver-blond, pink or green. For redheads, pink, green and turquoise go nicely. And for blondes almost any colour will do." Mark said his most popular futuristic is the "Bird's Nest." "It's abstract, like a Dali painting," he said. The Bird's Nest has a diamond-shaped bang over the forehead and a coil of braided hair around the crown. From the centre of the coil, a heavy, six-inch shock of hair shoots ceilingward. That is the body of the "bird." Pushing out from the right temple is the bird's neck. It winds around to the left temple, leading to the "head," complete with coloured eyes.

PERSONALITY COUNTS

An additional feature, is a wad of hair studded with coloured sequins, propped above the bird. The wad glitters and sparkles in the light. "If the woman is black-haired, the bird can be green or pink," Mark said. "If she is blonde, the bird can be black or blue, and so on." Mark said that before he attempts his artistic creation, he "types" his patrons during a pre-coiffure consultation. "While I talk to her, I learn something of her personality and am able to sketch a plan for the hairdo," he said. "Of course, the most important phase of the consultation is the reading of the hairline at the back of the patron's neck." It's like reading palms, he said, only "more tell-tale."

"If the woman is a high three-pointer, I know she'll go for anything," he said. "On the other hand, if she has five or seven points, I know she's the type who can't make up her mind and will be hard to please." "It won't be long," he predicted dreamily, "before the futuristic will appeal to men. After all there's no reason why they shouldn't have individuality."

Beauty Care Of Lips In Winter

By HELEN FOLLETT

VICTIMS of excessively dry skin often find that their lips are rough and chapped all the year round. When applying the rosy glow the lipstick fluffs up little shreds and tatters. This condition calls for special treatment. While cold cream is a blessing to the complexion, it just won't do for the lips. The perfumed content doesn't taste good, and you are bound to lap up some of it. Hence the need for the white lipstick that has healing qualities. Use it at night after the face washing. During sleep it will restore the surfaces of the lips to normal.

Medicated Balm

You can use it on top of the cold cream, if you like, put it on any time. It is a medicated balm and does the work for which it was intended. Dry lips, whether parched by strong sunlight or harsh winds, are a source of discomfort, especially if you are on a long-deferred vacation and desire that you should be free of the usual array of beauty worries. Little daughters who envy mother the use of her tulip-red lip pencil will be ready to play with a white one. Children often suffer from dry, chapped lips and, as a result, nibble at the little shreds and shams, making matters worse and inviting infections.

Men Use It

Believe it or doubt it, but men will not scorn its use. His lips are subject to the same condition. He will welcome the soothing influence of a white lipstick after he has been a-golfing, a-sailing or a-gardening. When getting the usual red stick, select one that is creamy in character, that goes on evenly and neatly. Pass it along the lip borders, forming a clear cut line, being careful not to sweep over the white skin surface adjoining. Use the lipstick brush with up and down strokes. It will force the pigment into all the little creases.

Do you know that in many beauty shops special treatments are being given to prolong the youth and beauty of the mouth? Specialists say that war years and the crazy state of the world have brought on facial tension among many of their clients and the tension is directly centred in the fine fibres that encircle the lips. Unless there is relaxation, the feminine portrait may look brittle or austere. And that will not bring any beauty rewards.

Facial loveliness depends to a large extent upon soft, perfectly-moulded lips. The treatment to which we refer is very light, very sure, done with a certain rapidity. The muscles around the mouth are fine and delicate, will only become strong and firm with a light, rapid touch. A fine tissue cream or muscle oil is used by the operator.

Under Lower Lip

With the first finger, the operator does a rotating movement under the lower lip, above the upper one. Then the ends of the upper lip are lifted, brought towards the centre, so they form a cupid's bow. Next a circular movement is used to iron out little lines that may have appeared because of weak fibres or the habit of keeping the lips tightly compressed. You can do these movements yourself in odd moments. Or, include them during your beautifying half hour at bedtime.

The treatment finishes with a compress of ice cold water to hush up circulation. It should not be pressed on the mouth, but should rest lightly on both lips. Wipe away the cream, get busy with the lipstick.

Let us hope that you are not one of those hurry-up make-up girls. It is impossible to apply the rosy glow without a steady hand, a strong mirror and a keen eye. Place the crimson pencil in the centre of the lip, sweep outward, being careful to form a clear-cut line. Then fill in. A lipstick brush makes for more perfect grooming.

Getting Newer and Newer



The "Newer Look" is exhibited by these Parisian models' jaunty jackets and town suits. One on the left is a moss green jacket with decorative buttons. On the right we have a ginger wool jacket with ginger monkey fur trimmings. The boots are strictly dazzling.



KEEPING THE BUDGET IN LINE

RIGHT now most of us homemakers are wringing our brows in the struggle to balance our food budget. But too often we find ourselves "in the red." We have borrowed from next week's allowance or the rent money, or we have bought the food on a charge account. The thought that we may be going into debt reacts in worry, and in many cases, according to present surveys, actual curtailment of essential foods. We are likely to buy too many starches, and far too few proteins, fresh vegetables and fruits.

To provide appetising, well-balanced family meals on a reasonably sum per week today, is the greatest challenge homemakers have ever been called upon to meet. But while government tries to bring down the cost of food, we still have the problem of preparing three meals every day in the week. However, there's one food—a protein as valuable as meat—that can help out at least two days a week—fish. Stewed beef too is good in that it can keep for 2 meals in this cold weather.

Cooking Fish

But if you'll try cooking fish by methods similar to those used in preparing meat, the family usually

becomes enthusiastic. For instance, try a fish loaf made by the recipe here. The least expensive way to buy the fish for it is to select a 2½ to 3 pound fish suitable for boiling. Fish from your locality will be cheapest. Clean and boil or pressure-cook it. Use part for the fish loaf, and the remainder for a fish and potato chowder, escalloped fish, or flaked fish salad for lunch next day.

You owe it to yourself and your family to promote good health through good food. Good health is our most precious possession. Don't jeopardise it by undercutting the essential foods.

Dinner

Orange Juice
Fish Loaf with Creamed Peas and Carrots
Hot Slaw
Whipped Potato
Corn Muffins
Chocolate or Apple Sauce
Coffee or Tea Milk (Children)
All Measurements are Level
Recipes Serve Four

Fish Loaf

Boil or pressure-cook 1½ lbs. any kind of fish (Or substitute a 1 lb. can salmon.) Remove the skin and bones; flake the fish into bits with a fork. Meantime add ¾ c. fine, soft bread crumbs to ¾ c. milk, together with the grated rind ¼ lemon, ¼ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. butter or margarine. Heat and stir until a paste is formed. Add to the fish. Stir in 1 egg yolk and fold in the egg white beaten stiff. Spoon into a well-oiled, small loaf pan with the bottom lined with waxed paper. Stand the loaf in a pan of hot water, and bake 45 to 50 min. in a moderate oven, 375 F. Let stand a minute before unmoulding. Serve hot with creamed peas and carrots, or tomato sauce. Dust the top of the loaf with fine minced parsley to add colour.

Hot Slaw

In a double-boiler top combine ½ tsp. butter or margarine, 2 tsp. flour, ½ tsp. dry mustard, 1/3 tsp. salt, 2/3 tsp. sugar, and 1 egg yolk. Mix thoroughly. Gradually stir in 2/3 c. fresh, whole milk or slightly soured whole milk. Cook and stir over hot water until the mixture is very thick. Gradually stir in ¼ c. mild vinegar. Cook and beat with an egg beater until smooth and thick again. Meantime fine-chop enough white or green cabbage to make 4 heaping cups. Pour in the hot sauce and cook and stir over a low heat until the cabbage begins to wilt, about 3 min.

Chocolate Sauce

Add ¼ c. sugar to 1½ c. boiling water. Then mix together 1/3 c. dry cocoa (or 7 tsp. grated cooking chocolate), 1½ tsp. cornstarch, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. cinnamon (optional), and ¼ c. cold water. Stir into the boiling mixture and simmer 3 min. Add a few drops of vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

Trick Of The Chef

Yam-sweet potatoes are excellent cooked with meat. Try paring them, cut in halves and cook on top of the steak when it is put on to simmer.

HOME HINTS

WELL-COOKED starch is not as likely to stick on your iron as that not so well cooked. As a prevention against sticking starch, rub a little paraffin frequently over the hot surface of the iron. Some housewives think that adding salt to the starch mixture helps to keep it from sticking, possibly because the salt raises the temperature of the mixture and thus aids through cooking.

You can blue your linens with a soap bluing that is added to the wash water, or with the liquid kind added to the last rinse. Both must be mixed thoroughly before the clothes are put into the mixture.

The hankies used while suffering with a cold should receive special attention when laundering. First, soak them in salted water for thirty minutes and rinse lightly in cold water. Boil in soap suds for ten minutes, rinse in hot water.

Laundering new bath towels before using increases their absorbency.

DON'T EXPECT CONSTANT PRAISE FROM HUSBANDS

By ELIZABETH TOOMEY

HOUSEWIVES should work a five-day week, get the housework done in the morning hours and not expect constant praise from their husbands for being good housekeepers.

So advises 63-year-old Mrs. Pearl Cole Sherman in "The Bride's Primer."

After 37 years of married life, Mrs. Sherman decided it was time she wrote down some of the free advice on housekeeping she had always been handing out to young-married acquaintances; so she wrote her first book.

"Always get up in the morning ten minutes before your husband," she writes. "Two people trying to get into the bathroom at the same time is just one of the petty irritations that she believes can lead to major quarrels."

Reading the book, you get the idea that Mrs. Sherman must have a motto framed and hanging over her kitchen sink that reads, "Keep moving."

Advices Keep Going

She is a firm believer in doing the day's housekeeping chores as soon as the breakfast dishes are done, without taking time out to leaf through a magazine or sip a second cup of coffee.

"Keeping moving at the right pace is vital in successful housekeeping," she sternly advises brides. "These morning minutes are precious."

Mrs. Sherman doesn't mean that life should be all housework. She has had time to take an active part in several community clubs and to

learn to play golf with her husband, Ray. Her two children were born just a year and a half apart, but she insists that the bride who has learned her "keep-moving" lesson thoroughly can adjust her schedule easily when the baby arrives.

Besides general advice, Mrs. Sherman includes plenty of details to help the helpless bride become an efficient homemaker. She reminds her that there are eight corners in every room.

How Not To Forget

"Four on the floor and four on the ceiling. If you clean the corners of a room," the author continues, "you are pretty sure to clean the middle, but if you start in the middle you may forget a corner."

The weekly wash, done on Monday, comes in for more detailed comment. Besides telling the novices which clothes go in the sudsy first, Mrs. Sherman explains how they go on the line. "Hang the shirts by the fall . . . undershirts by the shoulder seams . . . dresses by the shoulders, etc."

Tuesday is ironing day; Wednesday is the day "to catch up on all the little jobs that keep a house shining." Thursday the bedrooms and bath are cleaned, and Friday the living section of the house and the kitchen get a thorough cleaning. That leaves the housewife free "for a two-day holiday with her family."

Mrs. Sherman is no dust-mop Amazon. She weighs only 115 pounds, but she claims all this housekeeping efficiency is just part of a woman's job.

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THE Kowloon Union Church held its annual bazaar last Saturday. It was opened by Mrs R. G. Craig, who is seen above arriving at the church. With her is the Rev. Frank Short. Below: Mrs Craig inspecting the display at one of the stalls. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

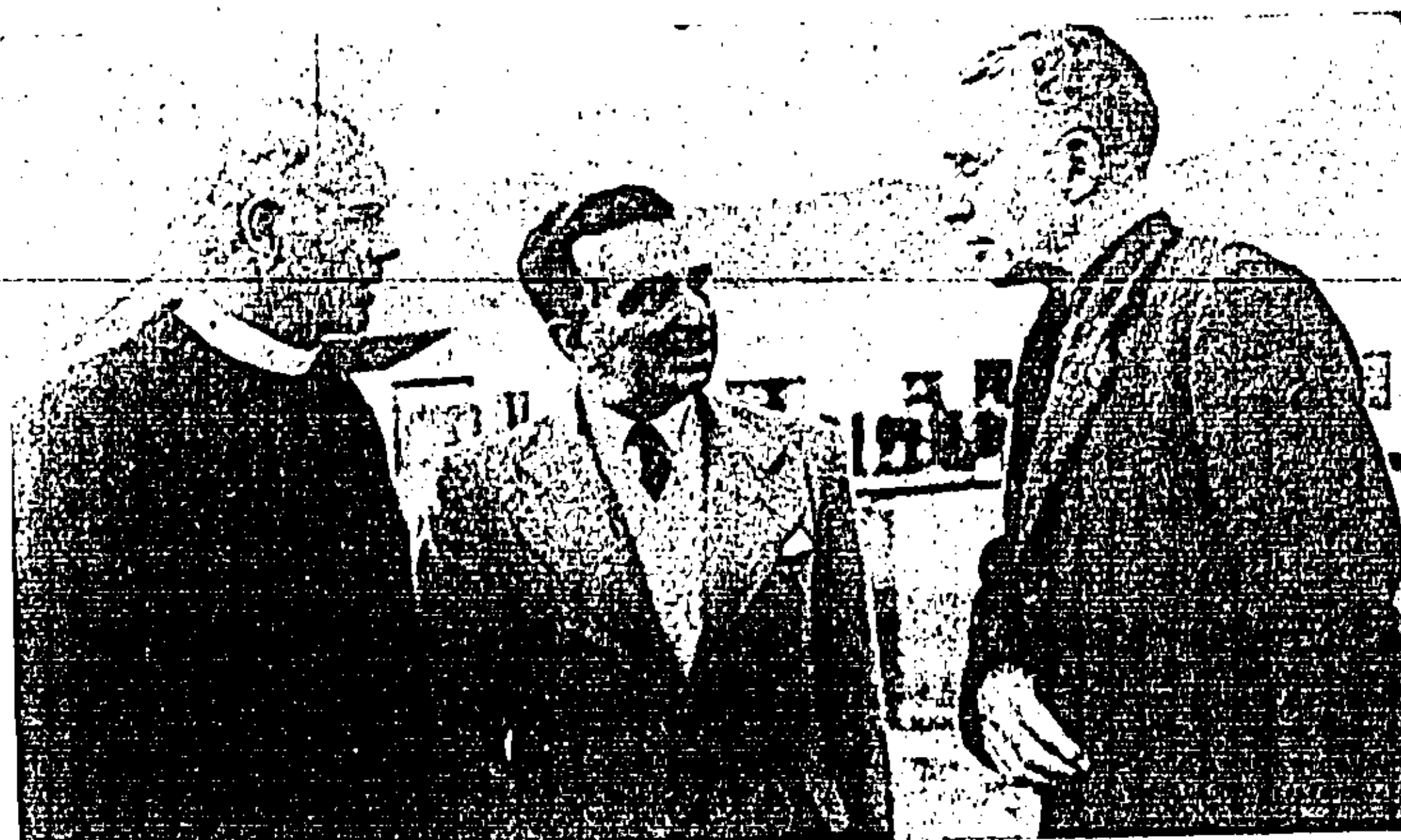


A REUNION was held by past students of Wah Yan College last week. At left, the Very Rev. A. Cooney, Rector of the College, converses with some of the old boys present. Above: the Rev. T. Sheridan renders a song during the impromptu entertainment programme that followed. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the wedding of Mr Akber M. Omar and Miss Rubia Niamutullah. The bridegroom is prominent in local lawn bowls and cricket circles. (Golden Studio)

THE Chinese Catholic Club held a supper dance at the Cosmo Club last Saturday to raise funds for the Society of St Vincent de Paul. Members and their friends had a very enjoyable time. Mr Yip Ying-wah (above) entertained the company with songs during the evening. Two parties that attended are seen on the right. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Right Rev. Ronald Hall, Bishop of Hongkong, returned on Wednesday by plane after attending the Lambeth Conference. The Bishop (right) is seen at Kai Tak Airport with the Rev. J. H. Ogilvie and the Rev. Dr. C. J. Harth.



SCENE from the European YMCA production of Ian Hay's romantic comedy, "Mr Faint-Heart." Left to right: Bob Leigh, Margaret Sim, Ross Arnott, Harold Parker, Arnold Graham and Dawn Ramsay. The final performance will be given this evening. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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The odd case of the man who always carried dolls

as told by . . .

Sir *Patrick Hastings* K.C.

When a young man, seeking a successful career, establishes himself in his profession or industry he has leaped his first hurdle. Now comes the effort to excel. What does he do?

He studies the ways and customs of his masters, and absorbs their wisdom.

So, in this second chapter of his life story, we find Sir Patrick Hastings, now a barrister, studying his law where he could best learn it—in the courts.

He listens to Rufus Isaacs and Edward Carson, the mighty men of the day. And, by pertinacity, he eventually reaches the chambers of the distinguished Horace Ivory, later one of the greatest of our judges.

★

THE usual way in which a beginner spends his early days at the Bar is as a pupil in some great man's chambers, where in exchange for the sum of 100 guineas he is supposed to acquire something of his learning.

But when I came to make my start I had not got 100 guineas. As I could not be a pupil I had to learn my profession by some other means, and the obvious solution was to study at the fountain-head.

The Royal Courts of Justice were only just across the street, and there the greatest advocates were practising their profession every day. Surely that was the place to learn!

Day in court, then to Fleet-street

Eight hours or so in court would leave plenty of time in which to scratch a living out of Fleet-street.

So for three months from the day I was called my routine never varied. Between the hours of ten and four I sat on a back seat in one of the many Courts of Justice.

In that three months I learned more than I had ever learned in all the years I had lived up to that time. The first time I went into court, although only a spectator, I was as nervous as the proverbial kitten. My wig was uncomfortable and horribly new; I felt miserably out of place.

I watched the line of counsel take their places with awe and veneration; the entrance of the judge was almost the appearance of a being from another world.

And then the case began. It was of no particular or general interest, but it must have been of some importance by reason of the counsel who were engaged.

They were pointed out to me. One was Henry Duke; another was Rufus Isaacs; and the third was Edward Carson.

Listening to the great

The case lasted three days. The first day I left the court thinking I had been listening to the three greatest men who had ever lived, to emulate whom would be an impossibility.

The second day I was more critical, and began to draw distinctions between their respective merits.

The third day I came to the conclusion that there was a distinct opening at the Bar for a promising young barrister like myself. I was very young.

with some sound advice on how to master your job

I think perhaps that Rufus Isaacs had the most persuasive and attractive manner of any advocate I have ever known. A dry point of law became a poem in his hands.

Henry Duke was heavy, almost ponderous, both in his utterance and in his manner, but he was immensely powerful, and to a dishonest witness his blows had the force of a blacksmith's hammer.

Of Edward Carson I can still only speak with reverence.

He was by far the greatest advocate I have ever known; to my mind no one has even remotely approached him.

His power of cross-examination was not an art, it was simply natural genius.

Whether his task was long or short he never wasted a word; he knew what he wanted to achieve and he never stopped until he had achieved it, but no one has ever suggested that he asked one superfluous question.

To his opponents he was always generous and courteous, though he was occasionally exasperated by incompetence, and, above all, he hated being bored.

If I were asked at some time or another to epitomise Carson's greatness as an advocate, I should say that he had the power of convincing his tribunal not only that his cause was just but that his client was as honest as his advocate.

It sounds comparatively easy, but it is not.

Wrote a book and dedicated it

Soon I came to realise the importance of association with some really busy and important chambers.

The chambers below those in which I occupied a humble seat were the home of C. F. Gill. At that time Gill was a very fashionable "silk," and was regularly engaged in most of the sensational cases of the day. It occurred to me that it would be extremely valuable if I could by some means join him in his work.

I decided upon the somewhat remarkable expedient of writing a law book, with which I could approach him and request that he would accept a dedication from a devoted admirer.

I calculated that he would be so surprised by the request that it might achieve the desired result.

And so it turned out. Armed with a virgin copy I approached him.

His amazement was no less than I anticipated, but there was also a distinct twinkle in his eye. I could almost hear him saying to himself, "And then what?" So I told him.

He was very nice about it, and allowed me to take away one of his briefs to read and, see if I could make a note that would be of any use to him.

It was the first brief I had ever seen. I read it until I knew every word by heart, and I think I could almost repeat it now.

I made notes of interminable length, and dug out non-existing points of law; I did almost everything to that brief except set it to music.

In the result I should imagine that enthusiasm made up for inexperience, for during the next two years I was allowed to work on almost every case in which Gill appeared.

ISAACS—"the most persuasive manner"

There was one particular class of case in which Charles was a genius. He was an absolute master in the art of obtaining acquittals for elderly gentlemen whose affectionate disposition led to their being charged with indiscretions in the darker corners of public parks.

Probably he was largely responsible for the erection of the large number of brilliant lights with which Hyde Park is now illuminated.

I was once walking home with Smeed, his clerk, from a police court in which Gill had been appearing on such a charge.

As we crossed the Park we came to a very brilliant electric light standard of obvious recent origin.

My companion became affected with a somewhat exaggerated melancholy. I asked him the reason.

"Do you see that beastly light?" he said. "When the authorities put that in this corner it lost Mr Gill £2,000 a year."

The first year at the Bar is always the most difficult.

During my first year I earned 60 guineas and in my second nearly £200.

So I met Mr. Horace Ivory

It was then time to have a change. Everyone who has practised at the Bar knows the importance of getting into first-class chambers.

It is perhaps the most important step in a young man's life, and certainly the most difficult.

The best chambers are necessarily very few and the opportunities for entering them, of course, very slight.

I consulted with Charles Gill, and his choice fell upon a rising junior who had just arrived from Liverpool. His name was F. E. Smith.

Armed with an introduction, I called upon him, but the only person I succeeded in interviewing was an extremely haughty one in the shape of Mr Smith's head clerk, who told me that Mr Smith's chambers were full.

I sometimes think that that was the most fortunate moment of my whole career, because as a direct



AVORY—"I owe him so much"

It is true that they only came to see Ivory, but my name was on the door, and there was always a possibility that they might come in to the wrong room by mistake.

There was more work than I could do because every brief of Ivory's—and their name was legion—was brought first to me.

Unlike Gill's briefs, which were mainly of the same pattern, Ivory's were intensely varied, and I read them all.

Opinions I wrote for him, which he usually tore up, but occasionally adopted; points of law I prepared for him which he might or might not adopt; but the experience which I gained was such as no other surroundings could have brought to me.

Whether or not I was of any use to him I never knew, because during the whole time I knew him he never expressed either approval or disapproval of anything, I did.

Beginnings of a practice

Every barrister has been asked at some time or another how he first began to collect a practice, and it is always very difficult to say or indeed to know, but there is usually one name which stands out in his recollection as being the first and thereafter the most important client.

In my case the name was that of Herbert Easton, a young solicitor with a large insurance practice. His clients were continually being sued by people who had occasionally suffered some genuine injury, but more frequently had not.

They were old gentlemen who made a practice of falling off tram-cars, and elderly ladies who constantly had the good fortune to slip on non-existing defects in premises at which they conducted their shopping expeditions.

I well remember one case. A gentleman had fallen off a ladder, and successive weeks of compensation had a most peculiar effect upon him.

Instead of any improvement in his health he deteriorated into a mental imbecile.

He was unable to leave his home without a companion to protect him, and on his repeated visits to the many insurance doctors who were called upon to examine him, not only did he appear to be a pitiable and sympathetic object, but his mental collapse was so complete that he carried with him large dolls with whom he conducted an affectionate but one-sided conversation. No medical opinion could be obtained that he was shamming.

Floods of tears in Harley-street

As a last resort Herbert insisted upon a final visit to the doctors, to which the lunatic and his family reluctantly agreed.

At the appointed hour this unhappy creature appeared at Harley-street accompanied by a male companion and carrying in his arms his beloved dolls.

He was unaware that a number of photographers were taking an enthusiastic interest in his movements.

He left Harley-street in floods of tears, with the dolls pressed to his bosom, and was photographed in that distressing condition.

He was photographed again some two miles away, just as he was entering a public-house.

Both he and his companion appeared to be considerably improved in spirits, and the dolls were then reposing in his pocket.

The last pictures showed them both emerging somewhat unsteadily from their refreshment, deeply immersed in a copy of a racing paper which they were studying before their imminent departure to Hurst Park.

It is a sad but not surprising fact that his period of compensation came abruptly to an end.

NEXT WEEK:

On the making of a good marriage

CARSON—"by far the greatest advocate"

result I entered the chambers of one of the great figures of the English Bar, Horace Ivory, later Mr Justice Ivory.

Avory had small chambers on the ground floor at No. 4 Crown Office-row. He had a large room for himself and one small one

which was used by C. Biron.

At the very moment of my anxious quest Biron became a metropolitan magistrate.

Avory decided to leave Biron's room unoccupied for the future, but I had very different views.

I discovered that Gill's clerk was a close friend of Avory's clerk, whose name was Ashley. I persuaded Gill's clerk to take me round.

Ashley greeted me with courtesy but doubt; he told me I should have great difficulty persuading Avory to take me as a tenant, but as far as he personally was concerned he was more than helpful.

His only concern was that I should prove myself able and willing to relieve Avory of some of his very arduous work.

Both at our first interview and thereafter it is quite possible that Ashley had no particular desire either for my affection or my respect. I can only say that he will always have them both.

I saw Avory himself. Even now I find it difficult to speak of him. I owe him so much.

He was small, almost insignificant in appearance, but he had a personality which could look infinitely forbidding.

He said he did not want anyone in his chambers, so I said I could be very useful to him, as I could make a note for him on his briefs.

His reply was a very simple one, but I have never forgotten it.

"No one but a fool," he said, "ever makes a note on his own briefs, so why should he want someone else to do it for him?"

I lost my temper. I said that if he didn't want me to help him it would leave me more time to myself. And then he laughed.

It was one of the few times I ever heard him laugh, but from that moment I saw him as a completely different man.

"All right," he said. "If Ashley doesn't mind your coming I don't."

New name over the door now

The next day there were two names over the door of No. 4, Crown Office-row—Horace Ivory and Patrick Hastings.

The world became a very different place from that day. I had the only other room in the best chambers in the Temple. I was watched over by clerks who were unsurpassed, and great solicitors whose names were household words fitted in and out like humming-birds in an aviary.

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SIGNOR VARE LAYS A WREATH

TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS,
Danile Vare (John Murray,
10s. 6d.). 180 pages.

SIGNOR VARE is a diplomat with a long experience of court life in Europe and China. In his lifetime many crowned heads have disappeared, many thrones been hurriedly vacated. There are hardly any reigning sovereigns left; so it has occurred to him to piece together his own contacts with royalty with a few remembered anecdotes and reflections on court life, as a sort of guide to lay on the grave of the past.

It is not a wreath which anyone can make single-handed. To try and shade in the whole twilight of a regime, to cover the whole subject of royalty in decline and in a personal and anecdotal way... It cannot be done. Signor Vare's book is accordingly a patchwork.

Signor Vare's mother saw the fall of the Second Empire in Paris, and from Count Nigra, Italian Ambassador in Paris at that time, he later heard the story of the Empress Eugenie's flight from the Tuilleries.

The story is second-hand, but at least this one is fascinating. The crowd was all round the palace and had forced the gates of the garden. It was impossible for the Empress to leave safely in her own carriage, so she was persuaded to pass through by the connecting gallery to the Louvre, which she left by the public doors, standing on the pavement in bonnet and veil until the Austrian Ambassador was able to bring her a cab.

LIBRARY LIST

• **Flood Crest**, Hoddling Carter (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.). 238 pages. A fast, exciting novel about the rising of the Mississippi floods two years ago, and corrupt political scheming in the southern states. It wouldn't do for anybody but an American to paint such hideous portraits of a successful southern senator and his daughter.

• **They Fly South**, Chun-Chan Yeh (Sylvan Press, 6s. 6d.). 203 pages. Another quiet, affectionate novel of Chinese peasant life by the author of *The Mountain Village* and *The Ignorant and the Forgotten*. His stories sometimes make one think of a Chinese Turgenyev. • **Northanger Abbey**, Jane Austen (Chatto and Windus, 6s. 6d.). 230 pages. After the long wartime famine of Miss Austen's novels it is such an encounter with excellent type, pretty binding and good paper. The best possible investment for eight-and-six.

BOOKS by MARGARET LANE

The next question was: Where should she go? The friend to whom house she went at first for refuge was out; so was the Court Chamberlain, the next protector she thought of; and when she decided to appeal to the American Legation she had forgotten its address.

Finally, she remembered an American dentist, and sat, veiled, in his waiting-room until her turn came and she was able to reveal her identity in private. The dentist, when he had got over the shock, drove her in his own carriage to Deauville, where she went on board an English yacht and made her final escape to Chislehurst and exile.

ANOTHER anecdote is of King Edward VII. during his last visit to the Kaiser. The King was old, stout, asthmatic and ill, and undertook the visit only because he knew that social diplomacy between England and Germany was important. Signor Vare quotes from a letter of Princess Radziwilska to General de Robilant.

"The King of England has got home safely and it appears that he is feeling better. I believe that he was very much tired and ill at ease here. He wanted to be pleasant, but his nephew is distasteful to him... and he only made this visit because he is too fit not to see that it was urgent. This did not help to make it a success."

"They tell me that, on the day he had that fainting fit at the British Embassy, he had to go on to the ball against his wishes; our Majesty took him there at half-past eight, whereas in England one only begins to dance at eleven o'clock... During the ball, he asked for some whiskey and water and they answered that none was being served... He suggested a game of cards, and was told that it was not customary at the Prussian Court... Finally he asked for a cigar, and was informed that one does not smoke in the palace... Then the King went to bed."

It is stupid to pretend, as many people do nowadays, that royalties are never interesting. A race of idiots, H. G. Wells called them, and if there is truth in the joke, still, idiots are always interesting to the people who create them. That is why Signor Vare's book is so disappointing. The subject has exciting possibilities; but when the attractive package is opened, it is found to contain very little besides paper and string.

SHOULD A PATIENT TELL? DAD and FLOUNDER —by Walter



THERE'S A MAN IN THE ROOM

—(or maybe you're overworked)

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

IF you 'wake up' suddenly and think mistakenly that there is a burglar in the house, it is probably because you are tired and overworked. And if you are a bad sleeper the important thing is not to worry about it. The anxiety will do you far more harm than loss of sleep.

Dr Macdonald Critchley, one of Britain's foremost nerve specialists, gives this advice in a "sleep" bulletin just issued to doctors by the Health Ministry.

The doctor's main argument is this:—The idea that every adult needs eight hours' sleep is wrong. Many people naturally need much less. Most of the others can cut sleep short indefinitely without harm.

But worry over sleeplessness causes a great deal of ill-health and unhappiness.

Difficulty in getting off to sleep is a commoner type of insomnia than short or broken sleep, says the doctor.

If you can relax comfortably during the waiting period—known to medical men as the pre-dormition—there is nothing to worry about. But if you feel irritable, or if ideas start crowding into your mind, then your doctor can probably help you.

Some people get so fidgety in bed if they cannot sleep that they develop a definite complaint called jittery legs. This can become very painful.

Dr Critchley deals with these unpleasant starts—believed to be due to sudden changes in blood pressure—which sometimes wake you just as you are sliding into unconsciousness. Everybody has them occasionally, but a few people get them so regularly that they cause serious insomnia.

"The patient may be thrown out of bed by the violence of these starts," he writes.

Men and women who work at high pressure—business executives, doctors, journalists, for instance—often find it most difficult to sleep when they are most tired. The events of the past day and their plans for the next force themselves into consciousness so strongly that tiredness is neutralised.

In bad cases—usually the result of severe overwork—a sudden unaccountable feeling of fear or horror may arise after a short period of wakefulness. These are the people—men and often women—who for no clear reason suddenly feel sure there is an intruder in the bedroom.

They may even see and hear ghosts—hallucinations as real at the moment as reality itself. Such people are otherwise quite healthy; they "see things" only during this wakeful period.

All cases of real insomnia—some people only imagine they are awake half the night—need careful scrutiny by a qualified physician, says Dr Critchley.

Some can be cured by a simple psychological treatment. Thus cutting out a regular after-lunch nap may give several extra hours' sleep at night.

Most can be relieved by modern drugs. Dr Critchley believes that properly prescribed sedatives are harmless even if taken for years.

FROM HERE AND THERE

Brought To Book

NEW YORK—The author of the one-time best seller, "How to Commit a Murder and Get Away With It," was brought before the courts in New York for robbery. Daniel Ahearn was sentenced to 20 years in jail as an habitual criminal. The evidence to support that sentence—Ahearn's confession in his book.

Unusual Organisation

INDIANA—In Indiana a clergyman, Dr Howard Stone, has announced a new organisation for people to join. It has no officers, no dues, no meetings, no activities, no projects. To belong to it people have only to declare they will not join any other organisations. Says organiser Stone: "Too many people are doing too many things in too many of them. Without them they would have more time for family life and church duties."

Mothers To Mother

ROME—Forty Italian mothers whose sons have been sentenced by British court martial or Allied military courts during the war have cabled to Princess Elizabeth asking her to plead for royal pardon of their sons.

His Son Can See Again

COPENHAGEN—A young Danish student who was totally blinded after an explosion has had his sight restored. The boy's father asked the famous Professor Ehlers to transplant

the cornea of his own right eye to his son's. The operation was successful. In future the father will be blind in one eye but the boy will be able to see.

Now Father Can Relax

NEW YORK—Open for business in New York is a firm which will send a Santa Claus into the home to save father the bother of dressing up. The firm's promise—all our Santas are guaranteed to be men of character and we hire no drinkers.

Report On Antiquity

JOHANNESBURG—Records of a mysterious, vanished race of red-headed, light-skinned people who lived in southern Africa long before the advent of the present negroes, have been found by the eminent French archaeologist, Abbe H. Breuil, in a six-months tour of South-West Africa, the Rhodesias, and the Belgian Congo. He discovered ancient rock paintings showing the original invasion by these people, complete with wives and children, and religious ceremonies, indicating a link with ancient Egypt, Crete, or Babylonia. Breuil considers they were the original overlayers, as he traced their progress as a complete tribe down Central Africa in a great trek about the year 4000 B.C. They had their own kings, queens, military leaders, and priests, and worshipped a jackal-headed god.

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MENTAL GYMNASIUM

RIDDLES

Here are five riddles about this and that. The correct answers are elsewhere on this page.

1. Why is a footballer like one of his hard-baked loaves?
2. What have a tree leaf and a gold mine in common?
3. Why is a water lily like a whale?
4. What would be a favourable day on which to play tennis for a cup?
5. Why is the elbow a belligerent joint?

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word, then rearrange the rows to form a word square:

N	O	A	R	M
S	A	E	M	N
A	R	M	A	D
S	N	E	A	D
D	E	A	N	M

BROKEN SENTENCE

See how quickly you can read this broken sentence:
Ke epon ry in gity ouw ish los uece ediny our lask.

HOMONYMS

Missing words in our sentence sound alike, but are spelled differently. Complete the sentence:
The horses moved with an easy until they reached the of the coral.

DIAMOND

OCTOBER forms the centre of this diamond. The second word is "a deed," the third "perfume," the fifth "a piece of furniture," and the sixth "a Scottish sheepfold."

O
C
T
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B
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R

ANSWERS

CROSSWORD:

C	A	R	E	D	R	A	M
A	L	E	E	R	E	D	E
P	A	G	E	S	A	V	E
E	S	T	E	E	M	E	N
S	T	E	A	L	E		
E	B	A	S	S	U	M	E
G	R	A	P	E	S	N	O
G	A	L	E	S	G	A	R
S	T	E	S	T	R	E	E

SCRAMBLER: Tels, tale, late.

RIDDLES:

1—Because he is crusty. 2—Veins. 3—Because it comes to the surface to blow. 4—A nuggety one. 5—Because it is always in arms.

WORD SQUARE:

D
R
A
M
A
R
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D
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S

BROKEN SENTENCE: Keep on trying if you wish to succeed in your tasks.

HOMONYMS: Galt, gate.

DIAMOND:

O
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E

Rupert and Margot—8



Rupert wants to go another way, but Reggie gazes at a little side path leading behind the signboard. "I can't understand it at all," he says. "That board wasn't there last week. It makes me feel inquisitive. I'm going to try to find out why it has been put there and who did it." "Jolly good idea," says Reg. "I'll go with you!" And, before Rupert can stop them, the twins run together down the private path and disappear.

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CROSSWORD

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9							
11							
13							
15							
17							
19							
21							
23							
25							
27							
29							

ACROSS

- 1 Solitude
- 2 Chemist's weight
- 3 On the sheltered side
- 4 Interpret
- 5 Dance step
- 6 Chairman's symbol
- 7 Venerate
- 8 Night (ab.)
- 9 Pilfer
- 10 Symbol for erbium
- 11 Take for granted
- 12 Vine fruit
- 13 Companion word for "neither"
- 14 Storm
- 15 Hindu garment
- 16 Female saints (ab.)
- 17 Woody plant

DOWN

- 1 Sleeveless garment
- 2 Exclamation of sorrow
- 3 Pauses
- 4 Eye (Scot.)
- 5 Stage play
- 6 Reverend (ab.)
- 7 Arabian gulf
- 8 Dissolve
- 9 Duck-like birds
- 10 Russian storehouses
- 11 Pertaining to the moon
- 12 Hen products
- 13 Spoiled child
- 14 Greater quantity
- 15 Great Lake
- 16 Malt drink
- 17 Street (ab.)

SCRAMBLER

Scramble "a tissue" and have "a story"; re-scramble and have "tardy."

Punch's Wonderful Grandfather

—He Could Make Anyone and Everyone Laugh—

By MAX TRELL

"MY great-great-grandfather was a wonderful man," Mr Punch was saying to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names. "His name was Punchinello. He was a famous actor."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hanid, who was delighted to hear about famous people. "Did he act in plays?"

Mr Punch nodded. "He did indeed. He played before kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, and counts and countesses. He also played before little children. Everyone loved him because he made everyone laugh. No matter how sad anyone felt, when they saw Grandfather Punchinello, they always laughed and were happy again."

Smiled to Himself

Mr Punch smiled to himself as he thought about his old great-great-grandfather.

"What did he do to make everyone laugh?" Knarf asked.

"He didn't do anything," said Mr Punch, much to the surprise of Knarf and Hanid. "I mean," he added hastily, "Grandfather Punchinello didn't do anything odd or strange, like standing on his head, or falling down a flight of stairs. He did just what everyone else does. He dressed like everyone else. He talked like everyone else."

"Then why did he make everyone else laugh?" Hanid wanted to know. "Because," said Mr Punch, "he laughed himself. He was so happy that he made everyone else who saw him, or heard him, happy too. That was the only thing he did. He gave everyone his own happiness. And that made him even happier than he was before."



TEE JOE SEEKS PIRATE TREASURE

By LEE PRIESTLEY

TEE JOE had never wanted anything so much in his whole life. But the harmonica cost three dollars and fifty cents!

It was twice as big and long as any he had ever seen. With two buttons, that did something to the music. And FOUR rows of keys that Tee Joe's fingers itched to try.

"I have a dollar, six bits at home," he said hopefully.

Mr Andrus, the storekeeper-postmaster, shook his head and placed the harmonica back in the candy case. "I'd like the best in the world to see you have that blowin' harp, Tee Joe," he said. "The city man that

swamped his boat and lost clothes, money, and everything overboard except that harp, said it was worth \$15. Me, I don't know, but I got to get three-fifty outa it. I let him have that much in gas and oil and a pair of pants to put on instead of that wet bathin' suit."

Tee Joe sighed. He had been a whole year saving up the dollar, six bits. He would be an old man, it seemed, before he had \$3.50.

Big Joe had gone shrimping. Gran'mere wouldn't lend him that much. Not after he'd been cutting capers trying to carry a sack of meal on his head and spilled and wasted it. Tee Joe picked up the oil can and the packet of coffee and went out to the pier. Paddling down the channel, all he could think about was the blowin' harp.

"What you got there, Tee Joe," Clobbie asked. "Man you struck it rich!"

He didn't move, but he rolled his eyes as far around as they would go. He could see nothing. Then the soft tickling was repeated. Tee Joe's hair began to stand on end and the sweat on his forehead was cold. The soft rubbing stopped. Then he felt sharp pain! Needles in his thigh!

He yelled and whirled, ready to dash out with the shovel. Minette, Gran'mere's yellow cat, leaped to the top of the pile of dirt. She had been behind him, rubbing against his legs. When he had stood still she had reached up to claw him. Tee Joe felt better!

Sitting down on the edge of the hole he had dug, Tee Joe swung his heels against the damp sides. Digging for treasure was work. If the ground were only softer! He looked across to the water's edge where the old ice house had stood. A big oak grew there, too. The ground was always soft and loose because of the sawdust that had been used to pack the ice.

Picking up the shovel, Tee Joe climbed out of the hole he had dug. Gran'mere had said the treasure moved down if someone who had no right to it got close with a pick or spade. Maybe the treasure had moved over there where the old ice house had been and where the digging was easier.

Followed by Minette, Tee Joe began to dig in the soft moist soil. He often played here, but he hadn't been back since he'd spilled the corn meal earlier in the week. The circle of white had nearly disappeared. It was likely that the ants had carried it away. He drove the shovel deep into the black, loose dirt.

HE was still staring when Clobbie came along. "Ain't it a fright the way the 111 bait frogs disappear right off the face of the earth when I get a flashin' party?" Clobbie stopped to mop his sweating face. "I didn't catch more'n a dozen all told. Say! What you got there, Tee Joe? Man, you struck it rich!"

Twisting through the black dirt were more and bigger earth worms than Tee Joe had ever seen in one place. Dozens of the pink, squirming things showed in the next shovel full. And in the next.

One of the city fishermen, coming along the path, kneeled to pull a 12-inch worm from the hole.

"Gosh!" he said, "I haven't seen a flashin' worm like this since I was a boy. I used to raise them big in a barrel of coffee grounds and cornmeal."

"I dunno how Tee Joe raised these, but they'll make prime bait," Clobbie began to dig.

Finding his tongue, Tee Joe asked hesitantly, "Would they be worth five cents a dozen?" I dumped a whole sack of cornmeal here just last week. Meal's awful high."

The city man nodded. "A very reasonable price. Why don't you put a sign out on the channel, boy? You have a little gold mine with all the fishermen needing bait!"

Tee Joe nodded, too. "I dunno about the gold, but I'm goin' to dig \$3.50 and a blowin' harp out of my worm mine!"

FUN WITH AN ANIMAL PARTY

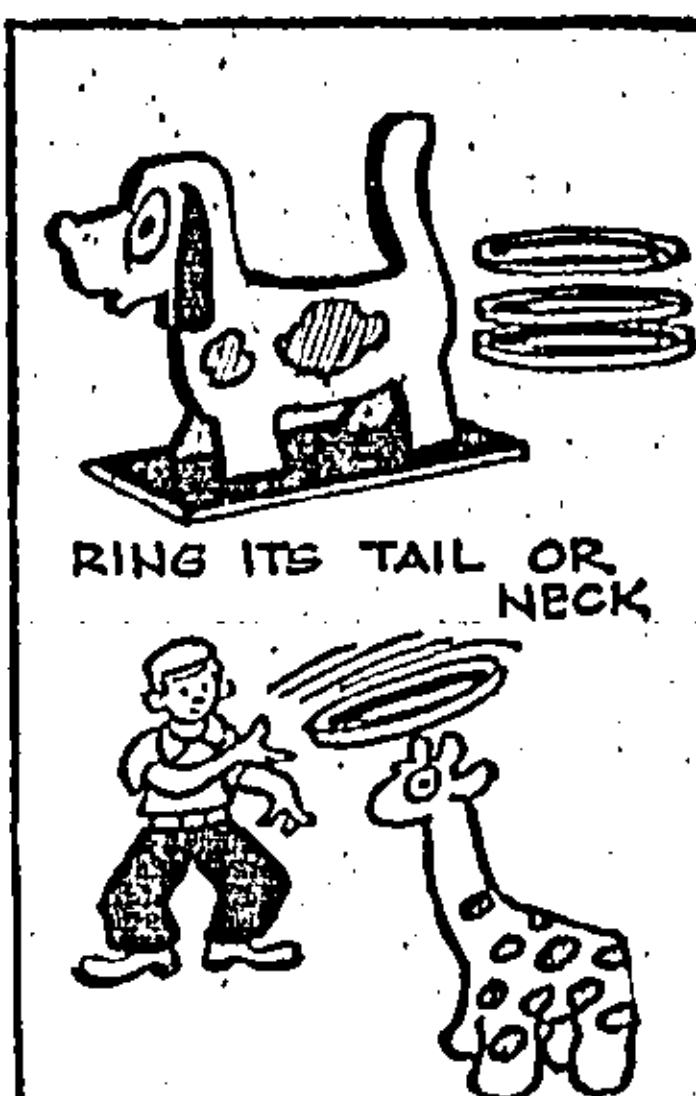
INVITE the crowd to an "Animal Auction" to bid on the most complete stock of animals they ever saw. It's a good party idea.

Give each person a good-sized box marked off with strips of paper or cardboard to form stalls. This is the "barn." Tell the guests they are expected to stock it at the auction with as many animals as they can afford. Give each one the same amount of make-believe money. You can use the numbers from calendar sheets pasted on cardboard as currency. Then start the auction.

The "animals" are pictures cut out and mounted on folded cards so they will stand in a fenced space on the table in front of the auctioneer. The backs are to the crowd so the bidders can't see what they bid on.

For an extra large crowd use towels, birds, and even insects if you need them. Cut several pictures of all the animals but one. Try to find a thoroughbred animal of some sort for this one, but be sure no one knows what animal it is.

Seat your guests and let the auctioneer go into his sales talk, holding up each animal in turn for



the crowd to bid on. A good auctioneer can keep the fun fast and exciting. As each bidder has an animal "knocked down" to him, he places it in his barn. When a bidder uses up his cash, he must drop out.

When all the animals have been auctioned off, each bidder counts the number of animals bought. Ask who has the animal there is just one of. Explain that this is a thoroughbred and its presence in the barn makes that bidder rate first place. Second place goes to the person with the largest stock.

With the excitement of bidding, everyone has a lot of fun and has his barn to take home as a souvenir.

Here's a game that can be used at a mixer when you want to get a party off to a good start.

Pass out a number of small hoops or circles of some kind. The hoops can be made of cardboard or heavy paper, or they can be old embroidery hoops. Don't use Mother's best embroidery hoops because in the excitement some might be stepped on and broken.

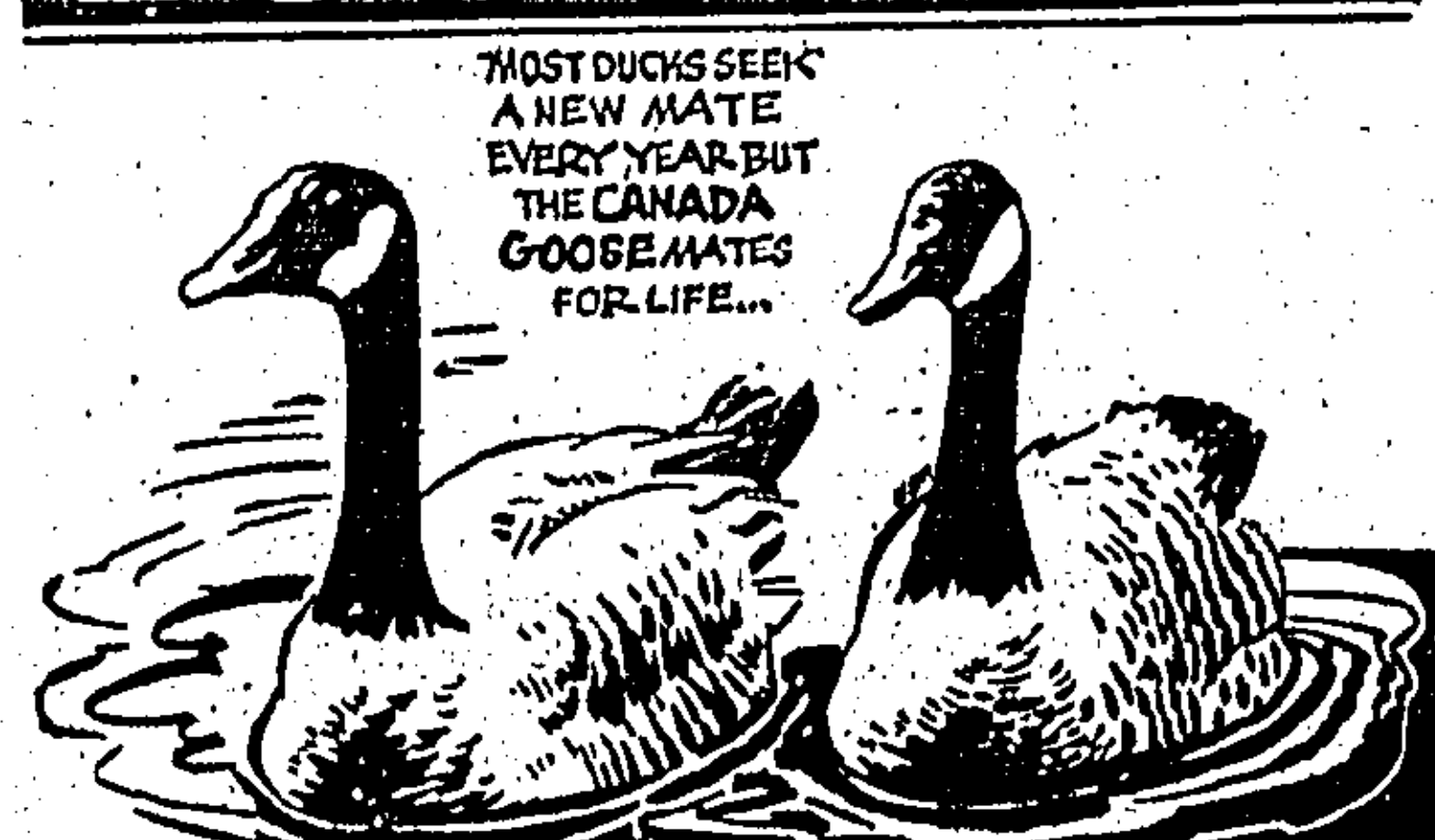
Cardboard or stuffed animals are placed about the room. The guests are big game hunters, but instead of shooting the animals they toss hoops around the necks or tails of the stuffed animals. The one who bags the most game wins. If you have no stuffed animals, trace a few on heavy cardboard. It's not hard to draw an elephant or rabbit.

Safety Hint



Sudden weather changes are common at this time of the year. Be sure to wear enough clothing if you want to keep well.

ZOO'S WHO



RED RYDER

A Perfect Setting

By Fred Harman



WHEN EARLY EXPLORERS VISITED AUSTRALIA, THEY FOUND THE WILD DO WAS THE KING OF BEASTS ON THAT CONTINENT. THE WILD DO OR AUSTRALIAN DINGO WAS THE HIGHEST TYPE OF ANIMAL NATIVE TO THAT CONTINENT.

